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September 24, 1938

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Collier's

THE N[illegible]O[illegible]L WEEKLY

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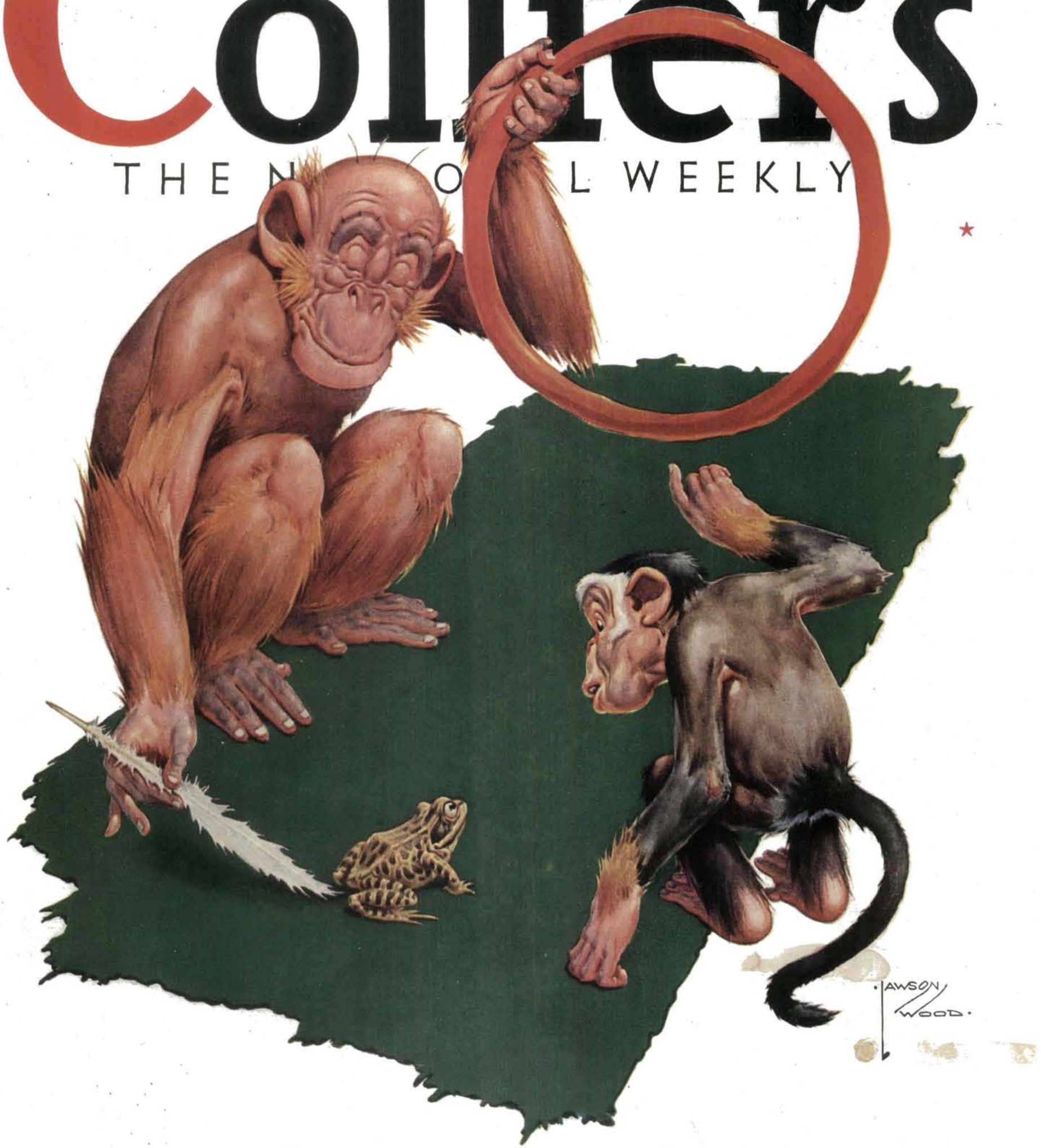

–and may God have Mercy on Your Soul

BY EXECUTIONER ROBERT G. ELLIOTT

SEPT. 24, 1938

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YOU REST YOUR BODY WEEK-ENDS

...REST YOUR THROAT TOO...WITH KOOLS

Rupprecht

YOU keep your nose to the grindstone all week long. But on weekends, you go after rest, fun and relaxation. Why not give your throat that change—why not rest your throat, too, by smoking KOOLS this week-end? We don't say: "Give up your regular cigarettes for good and all." But just try KOOLS on Saturday and Sunday. When Monday rolls around, your throat'll say: "Thanks for the rest!" It's the mild menthol in KOOLS that does the trick—just enough menthol to cool the smoke, soothe and refresh your throat. (Yet not so *much* menthol as to hurt the full flavor of the prize Turkish-Domestic tobaccos.) That's why KOOLS really *rest* your throat! Try a pack this coming week-end! P. S. There's a golden coupon on each pack. They're good in the U. S. A. for nationally famous premiums.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra every Wednesday evening. Coast-to-Coast NBC Red Network.*

NOW... FOUR EXTRA COUPONS IN EVERY CARTON OF KOOLS

SAVE B & W COUPONS FOR HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

MILITARY BRUSH SET by Elgin. Two bronze and black enamel brushes, with genuine long white bristles, and a 7-inch comb . . . . . 125 coupons

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TOSSED AT THE BARRIER...

One of the many reasons why critics call Paramount's "Sing You Sinners" a sure hit

THE BANGTAILS are at the barrier for the big race. Leaning against the rail, are that amazing brood, the Beebes, Joe, Dave, and "Ma." Their eyes are glued to that bumptious bit of horseflesh Uncle Gus. For young Mike Beebe, the kid of the clan, is aboard Uncle Gus, carrying not only the hopes of the Beebe family but every last cent they can beg or borrow.

"He's thrown the jockey. The kid is on the ground!" There's a roar from the crowd. Yes, Uncle Gus has balked at the barrier, heaved little Mike to the turf. The Beebes are in trouble again. Will they get out of it, land topside as usual? You can bet your bottom dollar they will. There's no stopping America's first family of fun, those up-again-down-again in - again - out - again Beebes . . . whose bounding biography Paramount brings you in the grandest screen comedy of the year.

Wait'll you see Bing Crosby as Joe, the bad boy of the Beebes, Fred MacMurray as the only serious Beebe, Ellen Drew, newest Hollywood star, as Dave's girl, young Donald O'Connor, new starlet find, as Mike, Elizabeth Patterson as Ma, the boss of the Beebes. Yes, wait'll you hear them sing that new Hoagy ("Star Dust") Carmichael number, "Small Fry" and "Pocketful of Dreams," "Laugh and Call It Love," "Don't Let that Moon Get Away." Wait'll you . . . but enough of this . . . the Beebes are coming to your theatre soon. Don't miss meeting them. They're terrific! ! !

The Beebe Brood Give Out With A Little Harmony in Paramount's "Sing You Sinners."

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

BING CROSBY • FRED MacMURRAY

in

"SING YOU SINNERS"

with ELLEN DREW • ELIZABETH PATTERSON

DONALD O'CONNOR

Produced and Directed by

WESLEY RUGGLES

Original Story and Screen Play by Claude Binyon

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

KEEP UP WITH PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Halleluiah I'm a Bum. Pardon, the word is hobo and the gentleman pictured above is the one and only Bob "Bazooka" Burns who falls naturally into the lead role of that hilarious heart-warming history of an itinerant printer with a heart of pure gold, Paramount's "Arkansas Traveler."

Hard Boiled Hero— George Raft mans the Harpoon-Gun in the battle of the Salmon Traps, one of the thousand thrills public and critics alike are cheering as Paramount's "Spawn of the North" storms the nation's screens.

Dog Fight. Far above the clouds one of the flying daredevils in Paramount's great Technicolor cavalcade of aviation, "Men With Wings," prepares to do battle.

CALL YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Ask them to let you know when these Paramount pictures are playing.

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Collier's

September 24, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

EARLY this year Japan's antiquated political system threatened to bog down under the weight of modern problems incident to the fulfillment of the national destiny, which, as any Japanese school child will tell you, is to rule the entire universe. It was a situation that called for a man strong enough to unify many divergent aims and efforts, and, as usual, the situation found the man. Prince Fumimaro Konoye, Prime Minister of Japan, has given his nation a dictatorship in everything but name as neat as anything that ever came out of Europe. W. B. Courtney gives you a fine word portrait of the directing genius in the Far East drama.

A SURE thing at forty to one, and a fistful of someone else's money to bet on it! What horseplayer would try to improve on a setup like that? Well, your old friend Omar Gill would, for one. And did. Frank Condon explains what happened last week in the pleasant little town of Shady City, and why Mr. Gill, Mr. Harmony Childs and George do not live there any more.

WHEN you start out to make a night of it in New York, it's an odds-on bet that you'll head for one of three places: The Stork Club, El Morocco or 21. They are the trio of night clubs that provide the background against which New York's glamorous night life performs, and their most interesting features are the men who own and operate them. Quentin Reynolds performs the introductions.

WHEN Suprematone Pictures, Inc., came down with severe financial pains, Accountant John Cresswell diagnosed the case instantly. He pointed out the five figures after the name of Miss Dorothy Perkins on the weekly pay roll and said, "There you are." As if that were all there was to it. How Mr. Cresswell found out that "You Can't Touch Dotty" makes a delightful short story. It's by James Hilton.

WHAT goes on in the minds of condemned men as they approach the legal death prescribed for them by the state? How do they feel and act? In the second article of his life story, Executioner Robert G. Elliott describes the last moments in the lives of some of the famed criminals whom he has put to death.

THE Short Short Story is by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Other contributors are Norman Matson, Alan Green, John August, Freling Foster, E. Phillips Oppenheim. And all for you.

This Week

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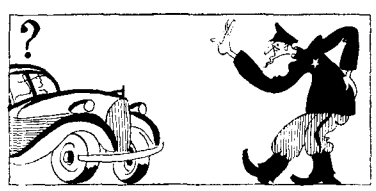
COVER LAWSON WOOD

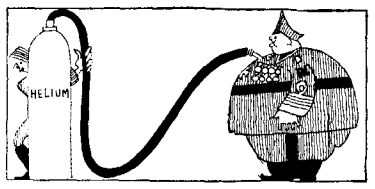
Any Week

OF COURSE we have no legitimate kick. Long, long ago when we were a sprightly young reporter trailing news down to its secret lair and sitting on its doorstep until it had made up its mind to come out and surrender, we, too, didn't know a personal question from any other kind. Therefore, we're about to tell you that yes, we did pay Mr. Jimmy Roosevelt for those two pieces wherein he told how much money he had made and how. We haven't counted the number of letters demanding this answer. And we're not going to. It would take us all day. But the fact is that Mr. Roosevelt was disinclined to accept anything. We, not doing business that way, sent him a check, telling him he could do what he would with it. So he gave it to charity, endorsing it thus: "Pay to the order of the Henry Street Settlement." And you may or may not be astonished to learn that the Henry Street Settlement of New York City accepted.

WE SHALL receive letters of doubt about that. There will be people who will assure us that Mr. Roosevelt did nothing of the kind, that he pocketed the money or spent it in some unworthy cause. We shall be told that the sum was not small but of grand proportions. And there will be other kinds. The first article was scarcely in our hands before we were informed, somewhat to our surprise, that we paid nothing at all for the articles but, to the contrary, were paid "one hundred thousand dollars to alibi a young scoundrel." Being just slightly venal, we couldn't help pausing to wonder what we'd do if somebody offered us $100,000. But, alas, nobody has —not that we expect Mr. E. Reathing of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the writer of this bribe information, to believe us. And Mr. Reathing adds: "We all know that this hundred thousand did not come out of the pockets of the taxpayer."



WE'D be tempted to use part of that hundred grand to launch a campaign for highway markers on the roads of Maine. We've been there recently and drove what seemed to us to be hundreds of unnecessary miles looking for the village of South China. After missing South China five or six times, a state policeman, having seen us driving up and down until it became clear to him that we were suspicious characters, asked us to explain our flitterings. We felt better after having taken his directions to South China. We landed in, first, Libertyville and, second, a place called Augusta. We thought he'd like to know what became of us. We never did get to South China.



SOMEHOW we've failed to get overheated about whether we should sell helium gas to Germany. We considered it an extremely dull subject until we got this one from Mr. Frank Schults of San Diego, California. "What Hitler really wants that helium for," reports Mr. Schults, "is Herman Goering. Herman is being deflated so fast that his two hundred uniforms don't fit him any more and you can't see his medals for the folds in his coat. And they can't afford to run the risk of having a blimp like that filled with anything inflammable."

AND here are a couple of brief ones—one accompanied by a manuscript. The author of the manuscript is Mr. George G. Garff of Massillon, Ohio. Says his letter: "Here's an article. If you don't like it throw the damn' thing away. I'm sick of it." The other's from Mrs. Laura Zinzer of Colorado Springs, Colorado. "Dear Sir: Why don't you print something a body can understand? Respectfully yours."

"HOW on earth a man, even if he is President, can go into a state and say that the chosen representative of the people of that state is a bum is more than I can understand," says Mrs. Dan Harbishere of Tulsa, Oklahoma. "If I were in office and somebody called me a bum I'd run him back to where he came from and slam the door in his face."

WHEN Congress convenes again, which it is likely to do in spite of all your prayers, it will be asked to consider a bill by Mr. Clyde Coffteller of Helena, Montana. Says Mr. Coffteller: "We, the veterans, hate war and have learned that it does not pay. We have done our bit and no more should be demanded of us who served while others profited. My bill will make it illegal for any son or relation of a veteran to be drafted or to volunteer.

HAIL to our heroes! W. D.

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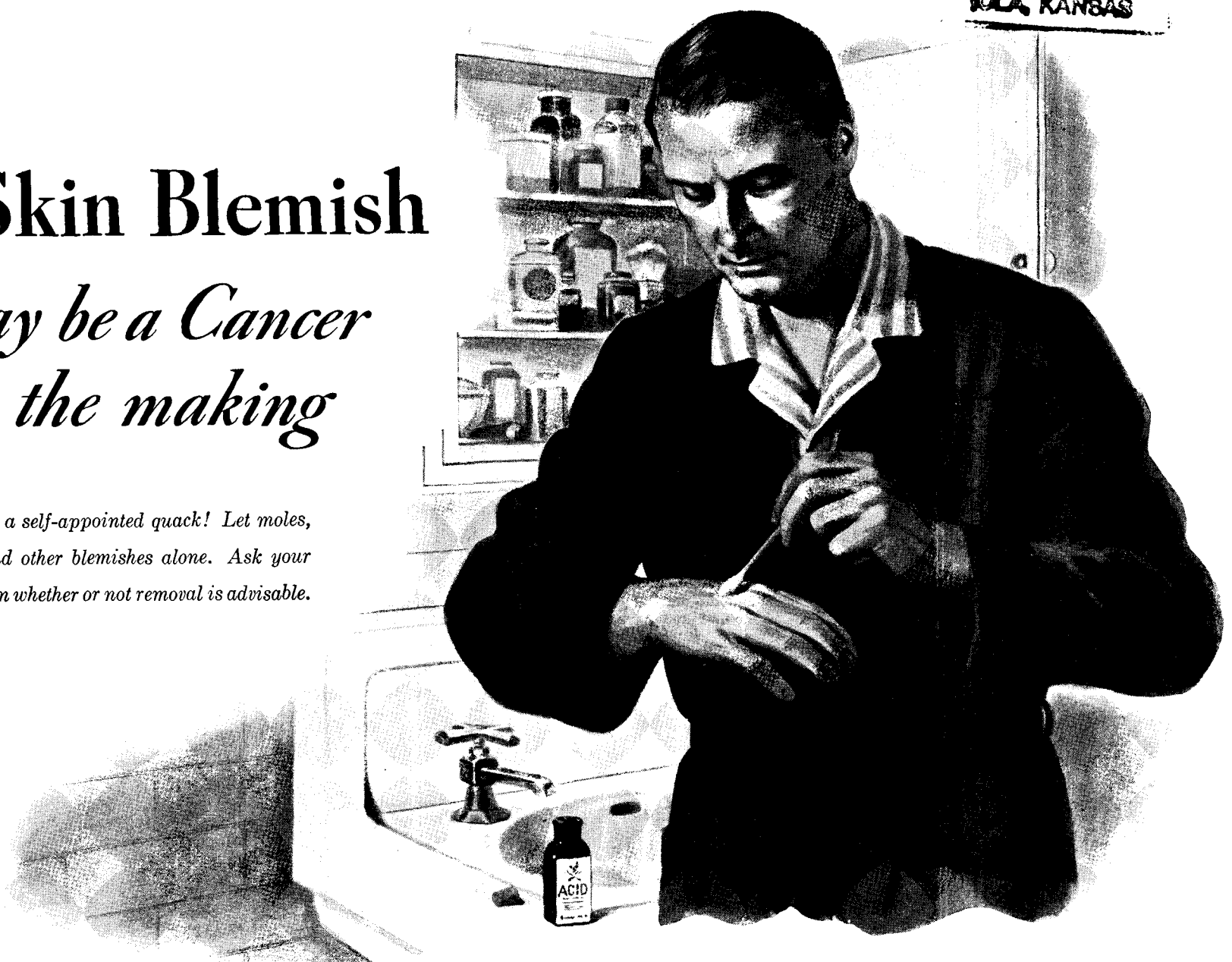
A Skin Blemish

may be a Cancer in the making

Don't be a self-appointed quack! Let moles, warts and other blemishes alone. Ask your physician whether or not removal is advisable.



Moles and other skin blemishes usually are just what they appear to be—entirely harmless disfigurements. But as the years go by they sometimes develop into skin cancers, chiefly because the danger is not recognized and they are not treated in their early curable form.

As long as a mole, wart, brown or crusty patch, scar or other skin growth does not change from year to year, you need not give it serious thought. But be on the lookout for such signs as darkening in color, increase in size, scaliness, or a tendency to bleed.

An open wound which refuses to heal is rarely cancerous in the beginning. However, if untreated, it may develop into a stubborn form of skin cancer which is exceedingly difficult to conquer. Prolonged exposure to strong sunlight may lead to skin cancer. Excessive smoking is held responsible for many lip cancers.

Beware of quack remedies such as salves, ointments and other "cures" for any abnormal skin condition which may be cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, or radium in the hands of a competent surgeon or physician can, as a rule, cure cancer. Self-treatment is dangerous. Innocent moles and warts, which many men attempt to remove with caustics or amateur surgery, may reappear as malignant growths.

Let your doctor decide whether or not early surgical removal is necessary, especially if the growth is located where it is constantly exposed to irritation.

Skin cancers are the easiest of all to detect and cure, yet they kill more than 3000 persons every year in the United States. If you have the slightest suspicion that a mole or other skin condition may be developing in any unusual way, see your doctor at once. Most skin cancers, given prompt and skilful treatment, can be cured without deformity.

Send for the Metropolitan free booklet "Cancer." Address Booklet Department 1038-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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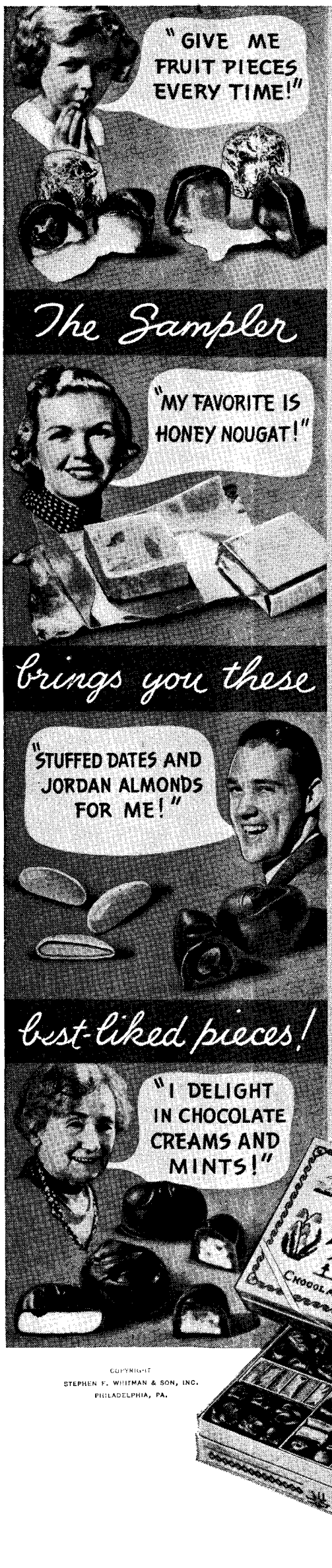

What pieces of candy do you like best?

Inside the lid of Whitman's Sampler is a roll-call of the most taste-appealing confections ever assembled in one package. Here are delectable nut and luscious fresh fruit centers—tempting chewy and hard centers—"melt-in-the-mouth" cream centers—relishful caramels—fluffy marshmallow pieces—rich honey nougat—and many other enticing, special combinations.

Whitman's Sampler brings you all these—in the famous cross-stitch box, known and welcomed everywhere. The 17-ounce Sampler has 100 pieces—35 different kinds—at $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5 pounds. At your nearby dealer's, *now!*

The thing to do... give Whitman's chocolates

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The only place in the world where ships run into houses is along the Bosporus, the strait that divides Turkey and separates Europe from Asia. The homes in many towns are so close to the water's edge that large vessels, when insecurely tied to the embankment, often ram their bowsprits and yards into chambers and drawing rooms.

Since the Dionne Quintuplets were born on May 28, 1934, one New York City newspaper has published a story about them on an average of once every five days.—*By Eleanor Bender, Albany, New York.*

In several European countries, as late as the World War, villagers were warned of fires and other dangers by church bells rung backward; that is, the ringers began with the tenor, or heaviest bell, and worked back to the treble. Revival of the custom, for air raids, is under consideration.

Centuries ago in England, the dying words of well-known persons were often published through popular demand. Hence when Richard Baxter, the famous divine, lost his wife in 1681, he published a broadsheet on the "Last Words of Mrs. Baxter." Seeing its immense sale, the printer composed and published another called "More Last Words." But the Rev. Baxter stopped its sale with a handbill, stating "Mrs. Baxter did not say anything else."

Most burglary insurance policies issued in this country cover only cases in which a forcible entry is made; that is, the householder cannot collect on his policy when the burglar leaves no marks, having used keys or entered through an unlocked door or window.

Wild tigers are an economic necessity and, therefore, protected by law on Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies, an island nearly twice as large as Great Britain. Before this measure was taken a few years ago, tigers were killed in such numbers that wild boars, on which they preyed, multiplied and destroyed most of the palm trees whose oil is Sumatra's chief source of income.

Jockeys have to watch their weight more carefully than persons in any other occupation. Some in this country could ride in many more races if they could increase or decrease their weight permanently as little as three pounds.—*By Sally Gaines, Cleveland, Ohio.*

For a number of years preceding 1930, most of the officers in the regular Chinese army were Americans and Englishmen.

Parts of Ireland still follow the age-old funeral custom of keening, the wailing of a weird lamentation or dirge by relatives and friends of the deceased. It occurs in the home on the night before the wake or in the cemetery after the burial and lasts from sunset to sunrise.

Although there are about 2,400 different physical and mental disorders from which man suffers, there are only 200 "standard" diseases and ways of dying in the International List of Causes of Death and they are based on only three fundamental causes: interferences with respiration, circulation or nervous system.—*By Paul C. Madsen, Omaha, Nebraska.*

The automobile in which Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated in Sarajevo, Bosnia, in June, 1914, was instrumental in the death of thirteen persons in twelve years, finally being smashed beyond repair in Cluj, Rumania, in 1926.—*By Gordon Barlow, Woodside, New York.*

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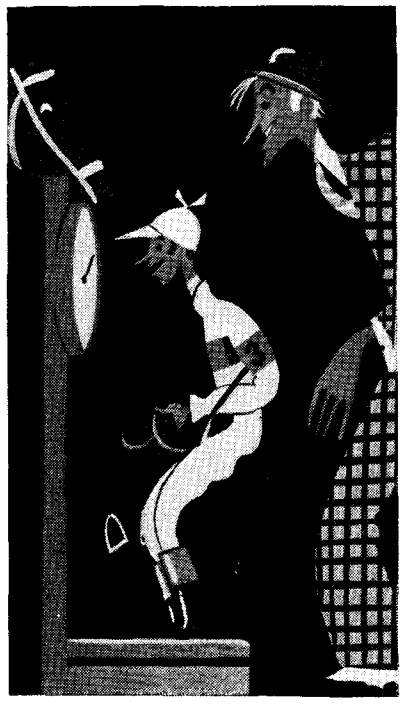

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By golly, Elmer, we hope you choke... and we think you will!

US: Elmer, you really ought to know better, buying a shirt like that!

ELMER: *Hey, what's the matter with you? That's a good-looking shirt.*

US: It's a good-looking shirt *now*. But wait till it goes to the laundry a few times. You know what will happen to it?

ELMER: *No, what?*

US: The cuffs will disappear up your sleeves like cards up Houdini's. The shirt tail will climb like a treed cat. The collar will get smaller and smaller. And you, Elmer, will either choke to death or give the shirt to your wife for dustcloths.

ELMER: *Now wait! I thought of that. Look, it says right here "pre-shrunk." How about that, hey?*

US: Think back, Elmer. Remember that shirt you bought a few months ago—the one you gave to the ashman? Remember it said "pre-shrunk," too?

ELMER: *Hey, I believe it did. Say, what's a guy going to do about this business of shrinking, anyway? Give up wearing shirts?*

US: Certainly not. All you have to do is look at the shirt and be sure that, somewhere on it, it carries the words "Sanforized-Shrunk."

ELMER: *What's so wonderful about Sanforized-Shrunk shirts? I bet they shrink like the others.*

US: You lose, Elmer. The Sanforizing process is absolutely unlike any other, and we have 195 patents to prove it.

The very *most* any Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is a measly 1%, *by Government standard test!* That's a shrinkage so small that Sherlock Holmes himself couldn't detect it. Incidentally, Elmer, that 1% figure has been confirmed in print by Good Housekeeping Magazine.

ELMER: *Gee, that sounds swell. But aren't just the higher-priced shirts Sanforized-Shrunk?*

US: Not any more. Many different makes, at many different prices, are now Sanforized-Shrunk, from inexpensive work shirts to the finest oxfords and broadcloths.

ELMER: *But they don't carry shirts marked "Sanforized-Shrunk" in this store.*

US: Then go somewhere else...Wait, what's your hurry?

ELMER: *I gotta call up my wife and give her fits. I just remembered* she *bought that last "pre-shrunk" shirt!*

"And Elmer! Yoo-Hoo! Tell your wife—"

Shrinkage troubles are over for her, too! Tell her to look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever she buys anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks, Work Clothes***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-Covers and Draperies***

To be sure of permanent fit... look for the words... Sanforized-Shrunk

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Constant Courtesy OF

THE VOICE WITH A SMILE

THE MAN ON THE JOB

THE MEN AND WOMEN IN THE TELEPHONE OFFICE

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IFOR THOMAS

The official executioner for six states, Robert G. Elliott, with his grandson at his Long Island home

By Robert G. Elliott

As told to Albert R. Beatty

The first time I ever saw Robert G. Elliott, he gave me the jitters. That was in the death chamber at Sing Sing Prison. I was there for a newspaper. He was there to put a man to death.

The next time I saw him, two of his bright-eyed grandchildren played about him as we talked in the living room of the little home he has owned for many years in Richmond Hill, Long Island. I was perfectly at ease.

Robert Elliott is a tall, spare man. He is sixty-four years old. The iron gray of his hair has gradually turned to white in the last year or two and there are lines in his thin face. The eyes are deep-set and searching. But he is not an old man. He laughs easily. He moves with quickness, ease and some grace, as might a man of half his years.

The answer may be that his years have been spent with life, as well as with death. His three children, now grown and married, live in near-by suburbs. A couple of the six grandchildren usually were in the house when I visited there to aid in the preparation of these articles. Never was a grandfather more beloved by children.

The small house he and Mrs. Elliott own is set close to the street—a typical home in this old part of Richmond Hill. The rooms look spick-and-span, yet comfortable and livable. A maid comes in to help Mrs. Elliott do the work. But she herself makes the flaky apple pie that crowns a delicious luncheon.

Robert Elliott, Jr., is the active head of the electrical firm in which he and his father are partners in Richmond Hill.

Mr. Elliott would rather spend his time with his grandchildren than at anything else in the world. He has a flower garden that is the envy of his neighborhood. He enjoys fishing with his son or one of his sons-in-law.

In a word, he lives the sort of life the average American grandfather should live—except that his life is interrupted too often by the state's command that he put another man to death.

How does he feel about that? That's what he wants to tell you.

A. R. B.

YOUR granddaddy is a bad man. He kills people."

It was not surprising that these words, uttered by a little schoolmate, sent Clarabelle home the other day with tears in her usually laughing brown eyes.

Clarabelle, nine years old, is one of my favorite people and certainly one of the prettiest little granddaughters in the world. To us of the family and to most of her playmates her nickname is "Pat."

On this day, Pat straightway sought out her mother, who is Frances, one of my two daughters.

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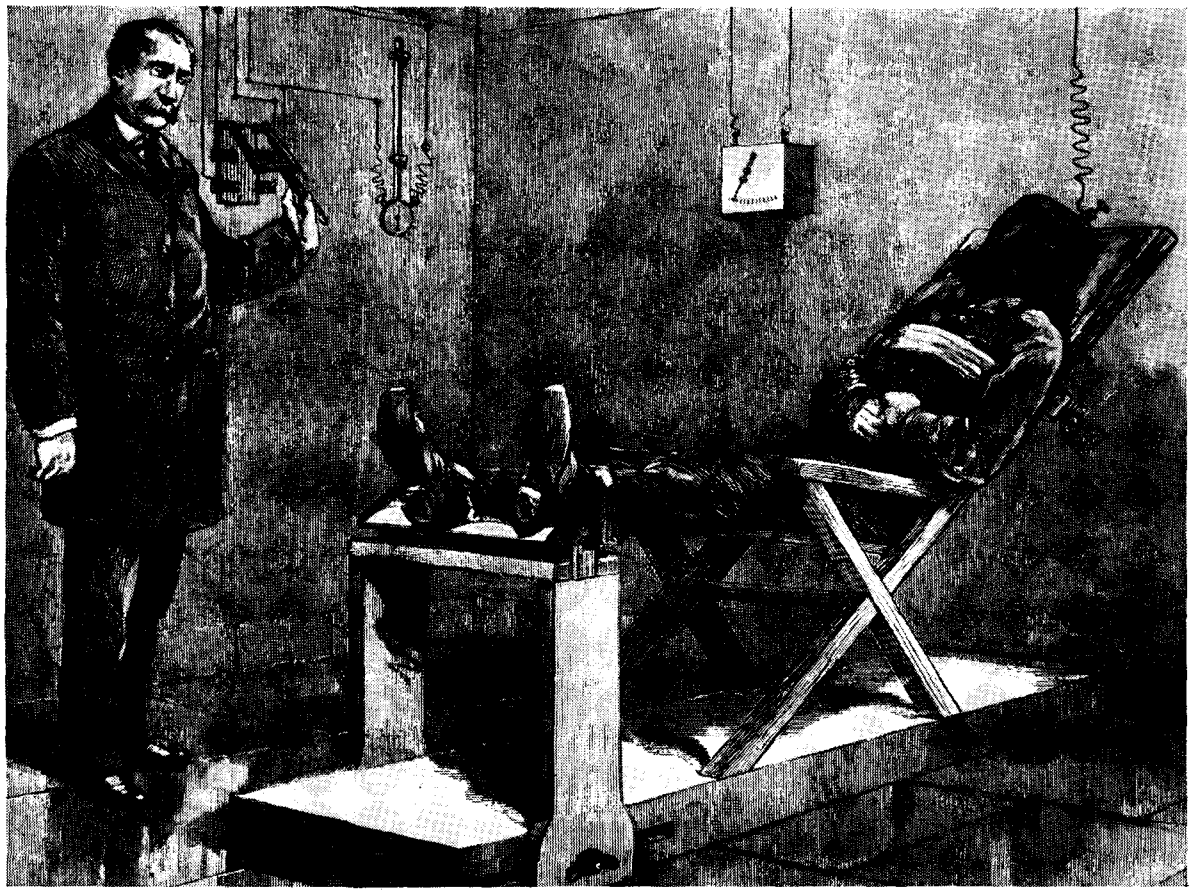
IFOR THOMAS

WIDE WORLD

Above: One of the most famous of the 370 criminals whom Elliott has put to death: Bruno Richard Hauptmann, shown here with his attorney, J. Edward Reilly

Upper left: Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, their daughter, Mrs. G. M. Lindveit, and their grandchildren, Clarabelle and Robert



BROWN BROTHERS

Lower left: The first electric chair, built at Auburn, New York, in 1889 for the electrocution of William Kemmler. This drawing appeared in Leslie's Weekly in June, 1889. A year later, on August 6, 1890, Kemmler was electrocuted. He survived the first shock and reapplication of the current was necessary

"Mommy," she asked, "is my bompa a bad man?" Always their grandmother has been "Bom" and I have been "Bompa" to our several grandchildren.

"No, indeed, Pat," said her mother. "Your bompa is not a bad man. How could you ask such a question when it was only last week that you had such fun with him at his house?"

"That's what I told the girls," said Pat, her lip still quivering a bit. "I told them he was a nice man, like my daddy, only older. But they said he kills people. Mary said her father read about it."

My daughter sat down with Pat and explained, deliberately and carefully, one of the tragic facts of our complex civilization. She explained that there are in this world some people against whom the others must be protected. She told her how some of these people—not many but still far too many—commit crimes in spite of the protection of the law. Some of these crimes make them so dangerous that the people have decided they must pay for them with their lives.

Pat's mother went on to explain that in New York State and in several other states her bompa was the man who had been appointed to carry out the orders of the juries and the judges when they decide that a man who has killed another man or who has kidnaped a little boy or girl must pay for that crime with his life.

"You remember hearing us talk about the little Cash boy who was kidnaped down in Florida," said her mother. "What would you do to the man who did that?"

"I'd fix him so that he could never do it again," was Pat's reply.

"That's right," her mother told her, "and it is much better that a man like your granddaddy be selected for this work than some other sort of man. You know that he is kindly and that he loves children. He doesn't like to kill people. If he could, perhaps he would change the law. But in a country like ours, the law is what most people want it to be. He is only carrying out the law other people have made."

I believe I should never have written this if it had not been for that experience of Pat's which so perturbed her until that talk with her mother. She made me wonder how many other people feel as she might have without her mother's careful explanation. This is my first and only word on the subject, verbal or written, after all these years.

Since 1926 I have been the official executioner whose hand has sent to death condemned persons in six states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont.

My hand has thrown the electric switch that has sent 370 persons to meet their God.

But I have not killed these people. You, who read this and who are voters of these six states, have done that. You have done it through the laws you have passed. You have done it through due process of the courts. Judges and juries, people who represented you, have done it. I have carried out your orders. And as I have thrown the switch that sent two thousand deadly volts coursing through a body that in one instant was that of a living person and in the next a quivering, lifeless thing, I have uttered the prayer, "May God have mercy on your soul."

This story is not an attempted justification of the work into which the grotesque pattern of life has led me. I believe no justification by me is necessary. The justification, if any, must be for the law that you, a citizen, have either supported or have not repealed.

Steadfastly during these years have I refused to capitalize on the grim fact that fate has elected me to be the agent of death for 370 persons who, society had decreed, did not deserve to live. I have refused to be interviewed. With *(Continued on page 42)*

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Hot Piano

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Adventures of Barrel-house Barnes and Miss Emily Godsall among the jitterbugs

PROFESSOR BARNES was dancing with morose dignity, doing his best to ignore the hushed whispers and ill-bred glances that trailed him about the prom. His chubby, innocent face carefully concealed the morbid meanderings of his mind. A man secretly and hopelessly in love with a lady psychologist soon learns that deceit is the best policy. Especially in a college where he finds himself becoming a legend before his time.

Despite the professor's feverish self-effacement, the legend was growing into epic proportions. Underclassmen were forever pointing him out to their dates, as they were tonight: Professor Barnes, over there, the big man with glasses. The Sphinx Man. The most proper member of Wadham-Marshall's highly proper faculty, all of whom could freeze a freshman at twenty paces. On a campus famed for its polite conversation the professor stood out like some strong, silent oak. He made no conversation at all.

Then too, they reminded you, there was the matter of the Unfinished Symphony. Everyone knew that frequently—and particularly on dark and stormy nights—strange, weird music was heard in the bachelor quarters of Professor Barnes. Music that could mean only genius or insanity and probably both.

Miss Emily Godsall noted that the Professor of Music Appreciation seemed unusually quiet that night. He looked depressed and vaguely unhappy and that made her heart react in a most unacademic behavior pattern. For a lady instructor in psychology, Miss Godsall was highly romantic. Even after five years of keeping company she had not quite given up hope that someday he would speak his piece.

Now as they danced past the bandstand Professor Barnes' weary gaze rested briefly on the orchestra. They were playing a sweet swing piece and the reeds gave out with a very corny obbligato. Professor Barnes shuddered.

"Strictly gut-bucket," he said absently.

Miss Emily Godsall stared at him, absolutely horrified.

"Why, Benjamin!" The shock in her usually dulcet voice made him start, turned his large, moon-like face a pasty white.

"I'm sorry, Emily. I'm—I'm really not myself tonight."

She was still staring at him, her eyes wide and curious. She was quite pretty with her face turned up to his; there were soft chestnut hair and deep blue eyes. Professor Barnes gulped and went determinedly about his dancing.

"What was that word?" she asked suddenly, watching to see if he again displayed a guilt reaction. He did.

"Gut-bucket," he said unhappily. "I—I picked it up in a magazine, Emily. It means, not very good."

"Oh," she said coldly. She had her own ideas about swing music and its jargon. Its appeal was based entirely on mass barbarism. She had often discussed that subject with the professor. That is, she had talked and he had listened.

As the music ended they were near the door to the gardens.

"Would you like some punch?" asked Professor Barnes, carefully ignoring that door.

Emily shook her head. There was a full moon and she had no intention of spending the rest of her life as a lady chaperon. Not even if she had to sacrifice her ethics.

The problem was miraculously solved. She was in his arms and he was kissing her

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"No," she said recklessly, "I don't feel like punch. I feel like walking in the moonlight."

"Why, certainly," said the professor, uneasily.

So after a few minutes they found themselves seated on a secluded bench as the collegiate couples placed them in a strict quarantine.

Emily sighed a little as she watched her escort light a cigarette. There had never been a man quite like Benjamin, a man with such quiet, placid charm. There was nothing about him that wasn't admirable. Nothing, that is, except his abnormal liking for silence.

Aware that his cautious gaze was upon her, Emily looked off into space then, using a little thing she had worked out before her mirror.

"I hope I'll like it," she said wistfully. "It isn't easy to just tear up one's roots and leave."

"Leave?" said the professor, his eyes widening.

"I'm going to Russia," she said solemnly. "I've decided to do my doctor's thesis on behavior patterns among the Soviets."

The cigarette tumbled from his lips. "Russia?" he gasped. "Why, Emily!"

"Why not?" she asked, letting out the tremolo stop. "What is there to hold me here?"

He realized then that this was a time for drastic direct action. He had only to look at her and he knew it was now or not at all. After five years a woman gets sort of impatient.

"Emily," he fumbled and then, while he was still wondering what to say next, the problem was miraculously solved. She was in his arms and he was kissing her. More important, she was kissing him right back. A bit shaken, they finally drew apart.

"Oh, Benny," she said softly, "I knew it would be like that."

He wasn't listening. He had found that direct action was even better than silence. Kissing her again, those shadowy fears left his mind.

WHILE the campus was still talking with bated breath of love taking place among the faculty, two brisk strangers wearing derbies and identical plaid suits arrived in the city of Wadham-Marshall. After some little difficulty they located a beer parlor.

The bartender stared at them as they ordered two, foamy. Turning his back as he drew from the tap, he let his hypnotized gaze dwell on them in the mirror. Finally he asked hoarsely, "It's none of my business but ain't you guys twins?"

Both heads bobbed. "That's right," the one on the left said briskly. "We're a brass team."

"A *what?*"

"A brass team," said the other one. "I ride slip-horn; he's a trumpet. The Bronson brothers, Chick and Marty, reading from left to right." He glanced at his brother then, jerking his head toward the bartender:

"Listen," said Mr. Chick Bronson, lowering his voice and putting down his beer, "we are in search of a party named Barrel-house Benny Barnes. He is quite a large party with a very nasty left hand."

The bartender shook his head slowly.

"He won't be around here," he said regretfully. "This is strictly a pattycake town. There has never been a good heavyweight in Wadham-Marshall."

"You got us wrong," said Mr. Marty Bronson. "While Barrel-house Benny weighs in at well over two hundred, not an ounce of it is muscle. Although he was no mere country hand in a barroom fight, by trade he was a hot piano."

"Yeah," his brother said reverently, "the hottest piano of his time. The Bix Beiderbecke of the black-and-whites."

"Oh," said the bartender, rapidly losing interest in the subject. "Well, I hope you find him."

The Bronsons laughed in bitter unison. The bartender stared from one to the other, wondering which was the echo.

"What's so funny?" he demanded.

"Why, nothing," said Mr. Chick Bronson, "except we have been hoping the same thing for some years."

"Yeah?" asked the bartender, his interest rising again. "What have you got on him?"

The twins looked at each other. "Plenty!" they chorused bitterly.

By three o'clock they were reluctantly agreed that Barrel-house Benny Barnes must still be listed among the missing. A careful check of the beer parlors and the solitary dance hall had not revealed a clue. Their last port of call was the *(Continued on page 45)*

Jerking the ring from her finger, Emily thrust it at him. "Take it," she said brokenly. "Take it and forget me, Benjamin. It could never be." Benny stared

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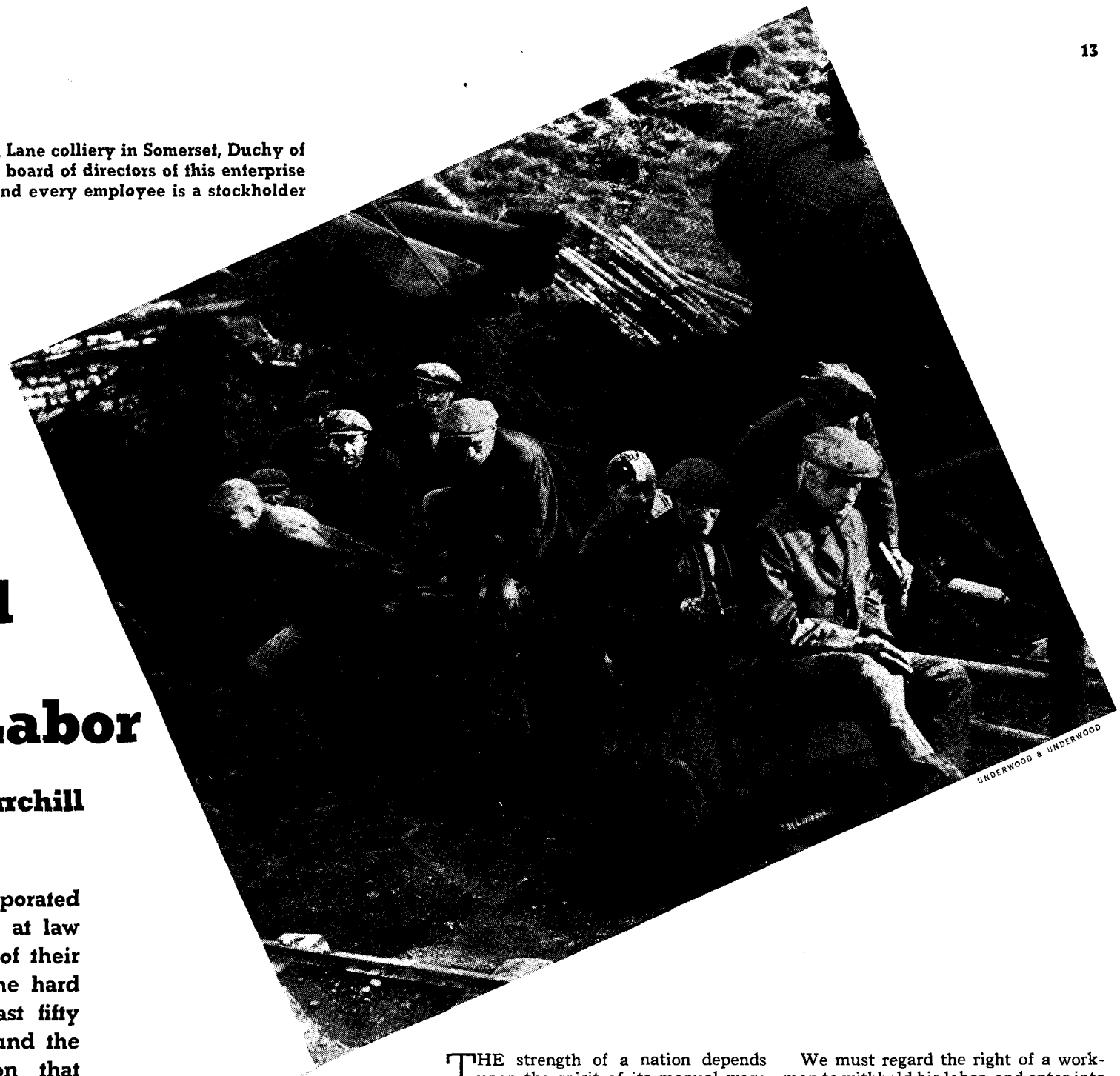

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Workers at the Marsh Lane colliery in Somerset, Duchy of Cornwall. The entire board of directors of this enterprise are working miners and every employee is a stockholder

England Learns About Labor

By Winston Churchill

Should unions be incorporated and made answerable at law for the transgressions of their members? Through the hard experiences of the past fifty years England has found the answer to a question that continues to plague America

KEYSTONE

Strike demonstration, British style. Orderly meat-market strikers march to enlist the aid of meat handlers

THE strength of a nation depends upon the spirit of its manual wage earners. Those who plow its fields, mine its coal, build its homes, operate its transport services, tend the machines in its factories and workshops, and perform the thousand and one tasks that are necessary to the smooth functioning of a complex civilization, constitute, with their dependents, the vast majority of every community.

These millions of workers must be willing partners in the general commonwealth. They must share in the prosperity that could not be created without them. Indeed, if they do not, production outruns demand; unsalable goods pile up in the warehouses, and the brief brightness is quenched in slump. It is a suicidal selfishness that in these days of mass production would seek to deny to the workman his full reward.

These considerations must be borne in mind when we approach the thorny subject of labor unions. The dangers in combinations of workmen have, for centuries, been portrayed. They may be captured by extremists. They sometimes make absurd and fantastic demands. They betray, on occasion, an alarming irresponsibility—and break without compunction agreements solemnly concluded. They tend to limit output and resist necessary change. They may even, like the British trades unions twelve years ago, attempt to hold the community to ransom. But do these evils outweigh the resentment and bitterness engendered when unionism is suppressed and driven underground?

We must regard the right of a workman to withhold his labor, and enter into combinations with other workmen for that purpose, as one of the fundamental principles of capitalistic society, and as differentiating it from all systems of tyranny, whether the modern Communism or Naziism or the older naked forms of slavery.

Many American employers, far from being hostile to labor, are prepared to admit the advantages of collective bargaining provided that agreements are honored; but they say that while the older, well-established unions observe their engagements scrupulously, many of the newer ones have no sense of the sanctity of contracts. They are quite irresponsible. How, I am sometimes asked by American friends, can they be made to accept responsibility? Should unions be incorporated and made answerable at law for the transgressions of their members? And then the final question: "How have you dealt with these difficulties in Britain?"

An Early British Parallel

The answer to that is pertinent, for British trade unionism passed, forty to fifty years ago, through a phase not unlike that now being experienced in America. A new, radical, combative unionism challenged the old respectabilities. It set out to enlist the unskilled workers, and to secure "a square deal for the underdog." Among its leaders were a number of Socialist firebrands. It used the strike weapon freely. There were riots and disturbances.

In the south of England, labor had

(Continued on page 25)

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They take the High Road

By Theon Wright

This week, the highest honor that aviation can bestow upon its heroes will be conferred by President Roosevelt. The Collier Trophy Award for 1938 is to the U. S. Army Air Corps, for designing, building and equipping the first successful substratosphere airplane

The Collier Trophy is awarded each year for the most significant advancement in aviation science. The award was first made in 1911 by Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's magazine. Right, above, the Army's substratosphere plane is heavily coated with soap while the interior of the ship is under pressure. Any bubbles that appear will indicate leaks in the airtight hull. Right, Major Carl F. Greene, designer of the new ship

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

A MAN had to die before they realized what was wrong. And it was such a little thing that killed him, too. He didn't have enough energy to pick up an oxygen tube and shove it back in his mouth. When they found his body six miles below, he had strangled for want of air.

These were men you hardly ever heard about. They were men who went up where the air was thin and bright and "white blue"—where it was so cold their eyeballs froze in their sockets, and flying machines rolled crazily in mid-air like becalmed ships, suspended between the tug of gravity below and thinning air above. Then, blinded and gasping for breath, they tipped the nose of the plane downward and plunged for earth, sometimes dropping as much as five or six miles with their senses reeling from the strain and shock before they pulled out of the "blank."

You have heard of Lindbergh and Hughes and Balchen and Byrd; of Musick, Earhart, Post and Kingsford-Smith. They were the earth-shrinkers, who spread out over the four corners of the world, bringing them close together. But what of the men who went up—Schroeder, Macready, Foulk and Harris; Gray, Kelly, Souchek, Adam and Greene? Their names ring only faintly in the memory. It wasn't until one of them died that you remembered who he was or what he had been doing—and even then it seemed pretty silly, going way up there where there were no living things, and where nobody wanted to live, anyway. What was the use of it?

This year the highest award in aviation—the Collier Trophy, which goes not to that which is spectacular but to that which is sound—has recognized the use of it. The trophy has been awarded the United States Army Air Corps for demonstrating, for the first time in history, that it is possible to travel safely and comfortably in the substratosphere.

Unsung Heroes of the Air

The Collier Trophy, first awarded in 1911 by Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's, goes each year to "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." The names associated with it are the honor roll of aviation history: Curtiss, Wright, Sperry, Burgess, Loening, Hoffman, Reed, Lawrence, Martin, Pitcairn and Douglas; the U. S. air mail, the Army's "world fliers," Pan American's transpacific "clippers."

And now added to this historic list are the unsung heroes of the upper air, men of the Army Air Corps who have labored unceasingly, and for the most part anonymously, not for adventure nor danger nor just to see if it could be done but because the "upper level," as Collier's pointed out three years ago, is where all of us will be flying tomorrow.

The citation reads:

"To the U. S. Army Air Corps for having designed, constructed and completely equipped the XC-35 substratosphere plane, the first pressure cabin airplane to be flown successfully anywhere in the world."

Behind that somewhat prosy sentence is a story of courage, resourcefulness and death. And in its last chapter it is the story of the unflagging persistence of a small, nervously energetic man who started his career as a builder of bridges and wound up as an airplane designer "because it was work that needed to be done." His name is Carl F. Greene, and he is an officer in the air corps stationed at Wright Field. Major Greene is one of those retiring gentry you seldom hear about—but every time you climb into a big sky-liner you will be riding on wings he helped to create, and when you step

(Continued on page 40)

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The Spymaster

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, Chief of British Naval Intelligence, plays a dangerous counterespionage game. He allows the spies that infest London to transmit misleading information about England's weakness to their governments, and at the last moment will let a few facts of her true strength trickle through. The war-mad foreign powers will back down precipitately, he feels sure. If he is wrong, England and, indeed, all the civilized world will be plunged into war. Meanwhile, Cheshire must round up the most dangerous spies and learn their connections.

Ruthlessly forcing the suicide of his traitorous aide, Captain Geoffrey Rawson, Cheshire spares penitent young Commander Ronald Hincks and allows lovely Countess Elida, younger sister of Princess Pelucchi, to take her sister's place in the dangerous intrigue. Hincks identifies one Henry Copeland, alias Horace Florestan, as a receiver of stolen documents.

The mysterious Florestan disappears from his West Kensington home under suspicious circumstances, and next morning his luxurious car is found abandoned outside a hospital. In the car is a single passenger—Sir Theodore Meldicott—powerful munitions magnate. He has been shot and is dying.

Cheshire himself directs the relentless search for Florestan. He calls that evening at the modest Florestan home and questions the poised and inscrutable Mrs. Florestan for the second time, but learns nothing. While they are talking, a key turns in the front door. Florestan enters composedly, requests his wife to leave the room, and draws a gun. Reminded, however, by an accomplice that a shot will attract attention, Florestan lowers the weapon. The two men set upon Cheshire, bind him cruelly, and throw him into the cellar to die—while they make their getaway.

He is freed by Rosa, the Florestan maid-of-all-work, and, emerging, encounters Florestan's accomplice. At the point of a gun Cheshire forces the man to accompany him to police headquarters to be held for questioning.

Cheshire interviews Leonard Shipman, partner in the firm of Brown, Shipman & Company, where Florestan is employed, and learns that the latter is a salesman of extraordinary ability, occupying a position of peculiar trust. Shipman scoffs at the intimation that Florestan has mysterious interests outside his business activities, and declares he does not believe Florestan had anything to do with the shooting of the man who was found in his car. When Shipman asks who the man was, Cheshire replies he was a large customer of Brown, Shipman & Company. Shipman laughs. "Florestan was not the man to go about the world shooting our customers! Good morning!"

VI

LUNCHEON that morning in a small private room of the St. George's Club had rather a grim commencement for the deputy commissioner and Cheshire. The former was speaking through an extension to the telephone that had been added for his convenience during the last few weeks when his friend arrived. He laid down the receiver and turned to greet Cheshire as he entered with a somewhat somber expression.

"Meldicott is in for it, I'm afraid," he said.

Cheshire glanced at the clock.

"Already?"

"Yes. They decided to operate at midday. The bullet was one of those foul things they were using in Chicago before the cleanup. Not much hope for anyone with that in his body for even a few hours. They have had to telephone for Lady Meldicott and his mother. The press have the whole story now, of course. No use trying to keep it back. The reporters are like a lot of ravening wolves down at the hospital."

"Any news of Florestan?" Cheshire asked, and there was a cold, brilliant light in his clear eyes, a sudden savage twitch of his sensitive mouth—he was a killer at that moment.

"Not a trace," Melville replied. "Here's something else for you, though. A man who declared that he drove the car to the hospital gave himself up at Scotland Yard this morning. I cross-examined him myself for half an hour and I believe he is telling the truth."

"Sure it wasn't Florestan himself?" Cheshire demanded incredulously.

"Absolutely," Sir Herbert continued with conviction. "This fellow is dark complexioned, a head shorter, and half Florestan's age. His name is Jesson and he told his story well enough. He was in the park with his girl and he saw a car pull up by the curb and a man who had been driving descend and disappear almost at once. It was a dark evening, as you know, and raining, and this fellow Jesson could not even attempt to give any description of the man. Anyhow, he thought it was queer and he and the girl hung round for a moment or two. The driver didn't come back and Jesson, looking at the man in the front seat, saw at once that he was in a state of collapse.

"There was no policeman about and Jesson did perhaps what you can understand a man doing. He was a chauffeur out of work. He left his girl, got into the car and drove it to the hospital. It was not half a mile away. At the last minute he came to the conclusion that

(Continued on page 48)

"Contessa," he protested, "why be foolish? Should I bring anyone so beautiful to a place where harm is likely to happen to her?"

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Yellow for Caution

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

"Keep going right through town and don't stop," the man told him

HE DID not like the way the man said "Okay" instead of "Thank you" or "Nice night, isn't it?" when he got into the car; but that was not what made him begin to wish he had not stopped to pick him up. It was something else, something he could smell the way they say an animal can smell fear, that told him there was going to be trouble. He had that tightening in his stomach that he always got when there was going to be trouble.

"You going far?" he asked.

The man did not answer.

He kept trying to see the man's face in the driving mirror, and now and then he stole another glance to the right, but the man had sunk back against the seat, and hunched down, and his hat was pulled down over his eyes. He wore a tight-fitting overcoat and he was carrying a black suitcase—that was the reason John Bender had stopped to offer him a lift—and he kept the suitcase propped on his knees, one thin hand holding it. John Bender took a hand off the wheel and fished in his vest pocket.

"What are you after?" the man asked.

"A cigarette," he said. He tried to make his voice sound casual. "Have one?" The man did not answer.

He put the cigarette between his lips, and the automatic lighter wobbled a little as he held it against the tip. The long dark pine woods began to thin, and he felt relieved. Tremont was only three more miles, and it was open country from now on, a few scattered houses. He felt a little safer now that he was out of the pine woods. Nothing was going to happen, after all.

"That's Tremont ahead," he said.

"What's Tremont?"

"Where I live. It's as far as I take you."

The man beside him said: "You go right on through Tremont, see, and keep on going."

He did not need to feel the slight lump pressing against his ribs. He knew what the man was holding pointed at him, under his coat. Now he realized that he had known it was there all along.

"Keep going right through town and don't stop."

The car mounted the brow of the hill, and dropped down the grade, and crossed the plank bridge into Tremont. He sat very straight and still, gripping the wheel with both hands, feeling the gun against his side. They swung past the Methodist Church and started down the main street of town. The town looked comfortable and safe, people loitering in front of the stores, walking home in little groups. It was all familiar, the way it had always been, but now it was unreal. He passed Waldo's drugstore, and Tilton's garage, where he always got his gas, and Cliff Tilton waved at him. He started to turn his head, and the man murmured quickly: "Never mind trying to get anybody's attention, see."

AHEAD, at the main intersection, a policeman was standing under the automatic light, directing traffic. The man said: "Watch that red light, now. Don't try getting yourself pinched or anything."

He shook his head.

"Give any sign to that cop and I'll drill you."

It was Pete Loomis on duty. He wondered if he could catch Pete's eye, but Pete was looking the other way. The light was yellow, and he stopped and waited for it to turn green. He looked at Pete as he passed, but still he could not catch his eye. Too late, in the windshield mirror, he saw Pete turn and look after him.

"That was all right," the man nodded. "No funny business."

He curved around the iron watering trough, cutting inside the white line. "Keep outside that line where you belong," the man said sharply, and he felt the pressure against his ribs again.

In the driving mirror he could see the lights of the main street going away from him. He passed the last of the stores, and the lumber yard at the foot of the street, and mounted the rise toward the railroad tracks. The weather-beaten sign "R. R.—Stop—State Law" stared from the side of the cut. The gun dug his ribs so hard that he caught his breath.

"Watch that stop sign," the man said.

JOHN BENDER braked the car to a sudden stop. He shifted to first, and the car crawled across the tracks. He shifted to second, and they climbed the steep hill away from the town, away from the last of the lights, into the dark pine woods that swallowed the road. His stomach was a knot, and he felt shaky and a little weak. It was going to happen now. The man said: "Pull up to the side here."

"You going to get out here?" he asked.

"No; you are."

He opened the door and half fell out of his car. His legs were hollow.

"I'm not going to plug you," the man said. He laughed without making any sound. "You did all right back there."

He watched the man slide over behind the wheel.

"You're a smart fellow," the man said. "If you'd tipped anybody off back there I'd've had to plug you."

The man put the car in gear.

"Just start walking back to town. Never mind watching where I'm going. Just keep on walking. . . ."

He heard the car start away, but he did not turn around. The sound grew smaller and he began to run toward town, without knowing what he was going to do. Two beams of light slanted over the brow of the hill for a moment ahead of him, and the headlights of the approaching car blinded him. The car stopped, and he heard Pete Loomis' casual voice: "Climb in, John. Thought I'd find you walking along here somewhere."

John Bender jumped in and the car continued down the road. "Where you going?"

"To pick up your car. It'll be down at Cushin's Corners." Pete settled down comfortably behind the wheel. "They'll nab him at the detour."

Things were coming a little too fast for John Bender. "How do they know?"

"I phoned ahead to the Corners when I saw you go right on through town." Pete stole an amused glance at John Bender's bewildered face. "Tell you, John, there's a thing like being a little too respectful of the law. When I see you didn't jump that yellow light tonight, the way you always do, I thought there was something funny. When I see you keep to the right around the watering trough, I knew blamed well there was something funny. And then when I see you stop for that railroad crossing, and there hasn't been a train over it in five years . . . " He chuckled. "It takes somebody who's afraid of the law to be as respectful of it as that."

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Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Susanna Bradford returns home to Morrison University, after two years of travel, she finds that her father, President Bradford, brilliant and fearless administrator, is the victim of an attack launched by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner hopes to foster his own political ambitions through this scurrilous campaign.

As hostess for her father at various university functions, Susanna meets Professor Carl Gilson, whom she knows to be a philanderer. She finds herself very much attracted by his suave charm. But, to her dismay, she also meets Alec Cornish, young research scientist, assigned to the university on a government project. Six years before, Susanna, then an undergraduate at Smith College, and Alec, a student at M. I. T., had been secretly married and divorced! Knowing now that an exposure of this youthful escapade would make disastrous ammunition for her father's enemies, Susanna is anxious to conceal her former relationship with Alec. But, shortly after meeting him, she begins to receive threatening anonymous letters, which seem to refer to knowledge and exposure of her marriage. Someone, she knows, is watching her every move with enmity!

Meanwhile, Susanna and Alec, fleeing from a raid on Tetlow Inn, a popular student rendezvous, to avoid unfavorable publicity, meet Emery Smith, brilliant young campus daily editor, and Betty Stevens, attractive coed, who confide that they suspect Maxie Blotz, proprietor of Tetlow Inn, and Bill Snelling, a reporter stationed on the campus ostensibly to cover sports events, of being racketeers in the employ of Zimmerman, with orders to promote a college scandal that can be used to the detriment of President Bradford's record. Susanna is inclined to discredit this, until she discovers that Carl, too, is receiving warnings to stay away from Susanna, or disaster will follow!

At the same time, Betty discovers that her roommate, Julie Lomax, talented young lead in the forthcoming college varsity show, is in the midst of a violent love affair with Gilson. She realizes that Susanna's rivalry for Carl is worrying Julie. But Julie, at a rehearsal, confides still another surprise—she confides that she, too, has been receiving anonymous letters threatening to ruin Gilson's reputation as well as her own, unless she surrenders him! Susanna, Gilson and Julie are being drawn by an unknown enemy into a mysterious, secret entanglement that will mean disaster to them, and to the university!

IV

I'M DULL," Julie Lomax said despondently; "I'm pretty dumb. But I get it now."

She had come to the little house at the end of Faculty Drive as always: craftily, after dark, making sure that no one got near enough to recognize her. Instead of loving the secrecy, she had been quaking with the terror of that unsigned note, but it had taken no more than ten minutes for terror to vanish in shock. Scared as she was, she had perceived a strong and perilous excitement in Carl that made his hands twitch and gave him a tension she had never seen before.

"There's an eye in every wall and I've got an enemy behind every tree," he said. "They've been trying to get me for months. But they won't." He was swaggering with a curious triumph and defiance. "They never will!" he repeated.

She had worked herself up to a tragic unselfishness—to give him up so that he would be safe from this mysterious danger. She had been sure that he would reject her renunciation, take her in his arms, quiet her fears with a kiss, and say that discovery and exposure didn't matter. Oh, sure, she had expected to be not only the self-sacrificing heroine—she had expected to be the happy bride. Wasn't it sense, now, under this threat, to stop talking about getting married—and get married? Perhaps even tonight. . . . Maybe someday she would be able to get a laugh out of remembering that.

So she made her renunciation and Carl said negligently, "Of course. It's always been certain that we'd have to stop seeing each other instantly, if anyone found out." He looked sad and beautiful. "That's the risk we ran." And here was the exact place where he became debonair, intimately gay, whimsically ironical. "Fortunately, my dear, we've begun to bore each other frightfully. For weeks you've barely been able to stand me. We should thank our unseen friend for giving us a decisive place to stop."

She had been on a house party two years ago when Joe Blake, very merry, ran out and dived into the swimming pool, and there was no water in it, and Joe broke his neck. . . . Instantaneously the whole world was different, and she saw everything in a clear new light.

"Why, you weren't in love with me," she said simply.

That made him even more the polished modern type with such gay gallantry above just a touch of heartbreak. "Oh, my dear! I loved you with *(Continued on page 35)*

An automobile stopped and somebody called, "Hi, Toots! Wait, I want to talk to you"

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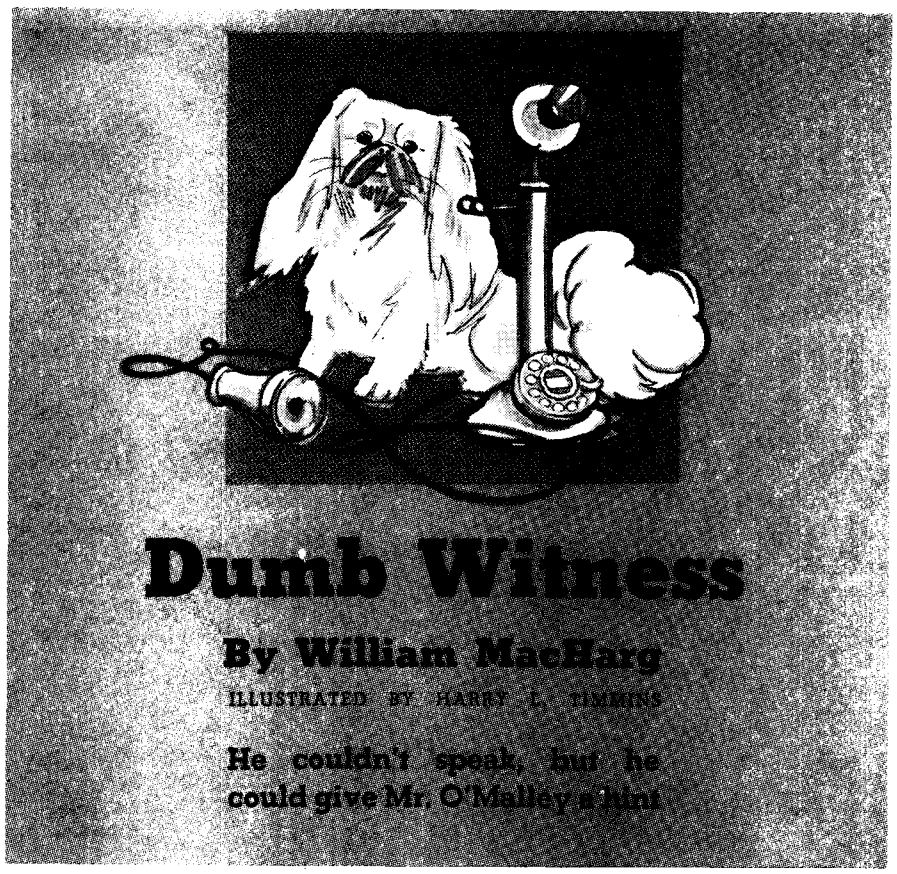

Dumb Witness

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMKINS

He couldn't speak, but he could give Mr. O'Malley a hint

A LADY got killed in her apartment," O'Malley said. "Headquarters give me her name as Mrs. Parkyn. They give me the address. Well, that's all I know about it now, so let's hope we get more than just the street number before we get through."

We found it was a huge apartment building. It had about a dozen entrances. Police cars and nursemaids with baby carriages and a crowd of children and curious people grouped about one of them showed us the right one. There were no uniformed building attendants. There were automatic elevators and enclosed stairways and narrow, electric-lighted halls fronted by the closed doors of many little apartments. The elevator let us out in a third-floor hall filled with cops and a small scattering of tenants, and an open door pointed the right apartment.

"What is this?" O'Malley asked one of the cops.

"What they call manual strangulation," the cop informed us. "That means she got choked to death."

The lady was in the kitchen. She was small and she might have been pretty but I couldn't tell much about that now. She had on a house dress and apron. She wore four rings. Cops were taking the doorknobs off some of the doors to send to the police laboratory, and other cops were questioning people in the living-dining room. They had tenants there whose doors opened on the same hall, and from apartments on the floor above and the floor below. There was a burly Negro there, who was a janitor, and a woman named Mrs. Canning, who lived at the end of the hall, and some people named Dessor, and a man and his wife named Marler, who had an apartment above, and two sisters named Driney, who lived on the floor below.

The dead woman's husband was in the bedroom. He was a thin, stoop-shouldered young man. He said he was a tea salesman. He was distressed and bewildered or he was pretending to be. We looked the place over. Nothing was disarranged in any of the rooms. The apartment hadn't been broken into.

"How was this about your wife?" O'Malley asked the husband.

"I don't know how it was. I phoned her. I knew she was home but she didn't answer. I didn't know what to do. We didn't know anybody in the building but I knew some of the names. I looked in the telephone book and found Mrs. Canning and called her up and asked her to see if there was anything wrong with my wife. She told the building superintendent and he sent a janitor. They unlocked the door with a passkey and found her this way."

"Is this colored guy the janitor that found her?"

"Yes."

"You in the habit of telephoning your wife?"

"No. I did sometimes."

"Yeah. But today, when she didn't answer right away, you got alarmed and had someone look. What do you think happened here?"

"I have no idea. Someone got in here. I can't believe she let anybody in. I'd warned her against admitting anybody, even delivery men, into the place when she was alone here. I know she was careful. I don't understand it. We moved here from Cleveland eight months ago. We haven't made any friends. The dog was here and he always barks at strangers and the neighbors all say he didn't bark."

"What dog?"

"I don't know where he is."

THE cops showed us. They had shut the dog up in the bathroom. It was a Pekingese. He barked at us.

"You got some theory why someone would come in here?" O'Malley asked the husband.

"It can only have been robbery."

"Yeah? But the robber don't take her rings? He don't even search the place?"

"The rings aren't real."

"What? Come again."

"Her rings are costume jewelry. We couldn't afford real jewelry."

"I guess you can prove where you was when your wife got killed."

"What?"

"Okay. You understand me."

"What do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"It looks to me like it might be a sticker. I don't see no reason anyone should kill this dame."

"It's queer," I said, "that they should live here for eight months and know no one in the building."

"What's queer? In this town people can live somewhere half their lives and not even know who lives in the same building with 'em. Well, they put me on this case, so I suppose I got to work on it. I got to find out what I can about these Parkyn people. I got to question these tenants, and there are a lot of 'em. I got to question them nursemaids and the children in the street. I got to see the people Parkyn works for and find what they know about him. Are your legs good?"

"Not good enough for that," I told him.

I left him but I met him later in the afternoon.

"Well, what?" I asked.

"Why, it's a funny case. These Parkyns didn't know nobody. He is a discouraged kind of guy. He didn't make much money. He has a little car and he drives around to stores and takes their orders for tea. He wasn't at no store at the time his wife got knocked off and he can't prove where he was. This Parkyn is the kind of guy that in the evening likes to take off his shoes and listen to the radio. He never took his wife out anywhere, so they didn't make no friends. A guy killed the dame because a woman wouldn't be strong enough. There wasn't any insurance on her life. The nursemaids and kids that was in the street didn't see no stranger go into that entrance of the building.

"The laboratory found that colored janitor's fingerprints on the doorknobs the cops give 'em. They didn't find other fingerprints except her husband's and hers. Well, that don't mean nothing because the janitor and Mrs. Canning was the ones that found her. The janitor's fingers don't fit the bruised marks on the lady's throat; his hands are too big. Her husband's hand fits 'em; cops made him try it. Still, that don't mean much because a few hundred thousand other hands would fit 'em, too. Parkyn didn't tell the truth about that dead dame's rings. Her rings is real."

"That settles it," I said.

"You tell me."

"I'm glad to," I informed him. "I've thought all along that Parkyn killed his wife."

"You'd ought to be a cop."

"How so?"

"They have locked Parkyn up. Now I suppose I got to see the guy."

We saw him. He was in a cell. He looked worn out and frightened.

"Well, mister," O'Malley said to him, "we've got how this was. We know about them quarrels you had with your wife. You were smart about it but not smart enough. You left the building this morning like you always did and went to a few stores. Then you parked your car a ways off and went back on foot and watched a chance to go into the building without anybody seeing you. You

(Continued on page 26)

"Going somewhere?" O'Malley asked. "Only over the week end," the man said

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The Opposition

By William Cole

THAT sports writer was wrong. Dad wasn't forty. He was going on thirty-eight. That's what Mom said and she ought to've known. It wouldn't be forty for two more years, Mom said, and even then, even then, she told him, that wasn't so old. Not for a golfer, she told him. Why, there were golfers, Mom said, and she would go on to name them, well-known professionals, some of the biggest, she said, who never even won a championship until they were forty. Not even a little dinky state championship, she said. And Mom knew about that, too. There wasn't anything about golf that Mom didn't know.

She would go on to name them all, Mom would. She'd rattle them off, and Dad would sit there or lie there and watch her with that brown face of his and black hair that was all light in front from the sun. He loved to hear her go on like that; he called her his bureau of facts. And when she was through, when she was run down and all out of breath, he would open his mouth wide and let out a roar that would set the dogs barking way down the block. And then he'd grab us, Mom and me, whichever one was closest, and, with one flip of those big hands, send us spinning over his back. He'd keep this up, rolling us over his shoulders, with his laughter shaking the house, until we would cry out and beg him to stop. Then, suddenly, he would let go and just stand there in the middle of the floor, his mouth closing tight. His hands would close, too, slowly and shaking a little, until the great veins and knots would stick out.

"Ellen," he would say, and his voice was so low it would frighten us a little, "I'll do it this year, Ellen. So help me, this year I'll do it!"

Dad meant win the Western Open, of course. It was the only major tournament he ever played in. He could afford only one big one a year and then only when it wasn't too far from our home. So we saved up all year for the Western because, as Mom said, winning that would really mean something. Not only the prize money—that didn't amount to so much—it was the publicity that counted. The winner was always sure of a job at one of the swanky golf clubs, and that meant a good living and—what was that word Mom used? . . . security. But you had to win. Nobody, not even Mom, could remember the name of anyone who had ever come in second.

I guess we weren't so well off, at that. We never were. Those public links paid hardly anything at all. Like Mom always said: it was all right for them to spend thousands of dollars on improvements, but when it came to paying the professional a decent living . . .

What I liked best was that when Dad was practicing for the tournament he let me caddie for him. That was early in the mornings before I went to school and before he started giving lessons. We would go out on the course and it would be cool with that thick morning haze, and the grass would be all wet and smell great. Hardly anyone played at that hour. Dad would lay into that pill and it was like a pistol being fired in the still air. And maybe it was that he just couldn't do without kidding, or that it really helped him; we'd be walking along and he'd reach out and brush off my cap, and when I bent down, trip me up. And that laugh of his echoing down the fairway. And . . . and I want to tell you, it was great.

I never saw him play so well before or practice so hard. He would spend hours on one shot, sometimes weeks, until even he was satisfied. He borrowed a small movie camera and projector, and I took pictures of his swing. Evenings, we ran them off on the living-room wall. We gave them titles like "Dad Takes too Much Turf" and "It Happened on the Ninth Tee." Mom and I were the audience and we hissed and booed at everything that wasn't absolutely perfect.

He qualified easily. And for the first two rounds of play he went on to burn up the course . . . a 70 and 68, four below par! . . . That White Forest layout was made right to order for Dad. Long—very long—with plenty of hazards, but not too tough on the greens. Distance, that's what was most needed, and that's what Dad had most of.

He stuck with par on Saturday morning for a 71. At the end of the round Rush Neilson was closest, three strokes behind. Bud Cramer, the favorite, was behind seven. Nobody else had a prayer.

WHEN we started out after lunch—I was caddying for Dad; it wasn't only the expense, he was afraid to make a change—most of the crowd followed. Any pro is liable to knock over par two or three times in a row, but when it comes to doing it once more, when it comes to dough and a championship and it gets tight down the stretch, they wanted to be around to see what would happen.

They got all they could ask for that day, the spectators. For once they got plenty. Out ahead of us, Neilson had faded, but Cramer, with nothing to lose, had shot the works. His 67 was up there on the board in front of the clubhouse.

We were on the thirteenth when the news came. I don't think it was that; Dad had an awful lie there in that sand pit. And that bounce on the fifteenth—that was a heartbreaker. He was all right on the water hole, but there on the seventeenth . . . sure, those eight-footers are tough, but he was taking so much time! Sighting the line and shifting his stance. Someone in the gallery was bound to make a noise.

One par! . . . He'd made thousands of them . . . One little . . . ! Dad swung, and I could see Mom close her eyes. The ball went out low, then started rising. Finally, it dropped, way down the fairway—over to the right, on the very edge, but still on the fairway. Dad kept wiping his face with the back of his sleeve as we walked down to it. The bag was so heavy I could hardly lug it along.

Not a sound this time. Not a whisper. Only the faintest rustle of leaves. And Dad, sliding the No. 2 out . . . then sliding it back for the spoon. The handle of the No. 2 was all damp. I put the bag down. He was looking at me. And at that white face against the black of the thick trees. He wiped his hands quickly and stood over the ball.

They got all they could ask for, the spectators. For once, they got plenty

I wanted to shout . . . to tell him to do . . . not to do something, I don't know what. There was that sharp click and I turned away. Two seconds that just wouldn't end, and then that long groan and rip of the ball through the branches.

I looked up and saw the club still hanging down from the back of his shoulders. The crowd was breaking up all around us. I tried to reach out and touch him, to say something, something about the next year, but I couldn't. I couldn't look up in his face. For I knew what had beaten him. It wasn't that pit on the fifteenth, nor the seventeenth green; nor was it those dense trees. No, and it wasn't Cramer. They didn't have a chance. And whether we were there or not, that had nothing to do with it, either: it was just Mom and me.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

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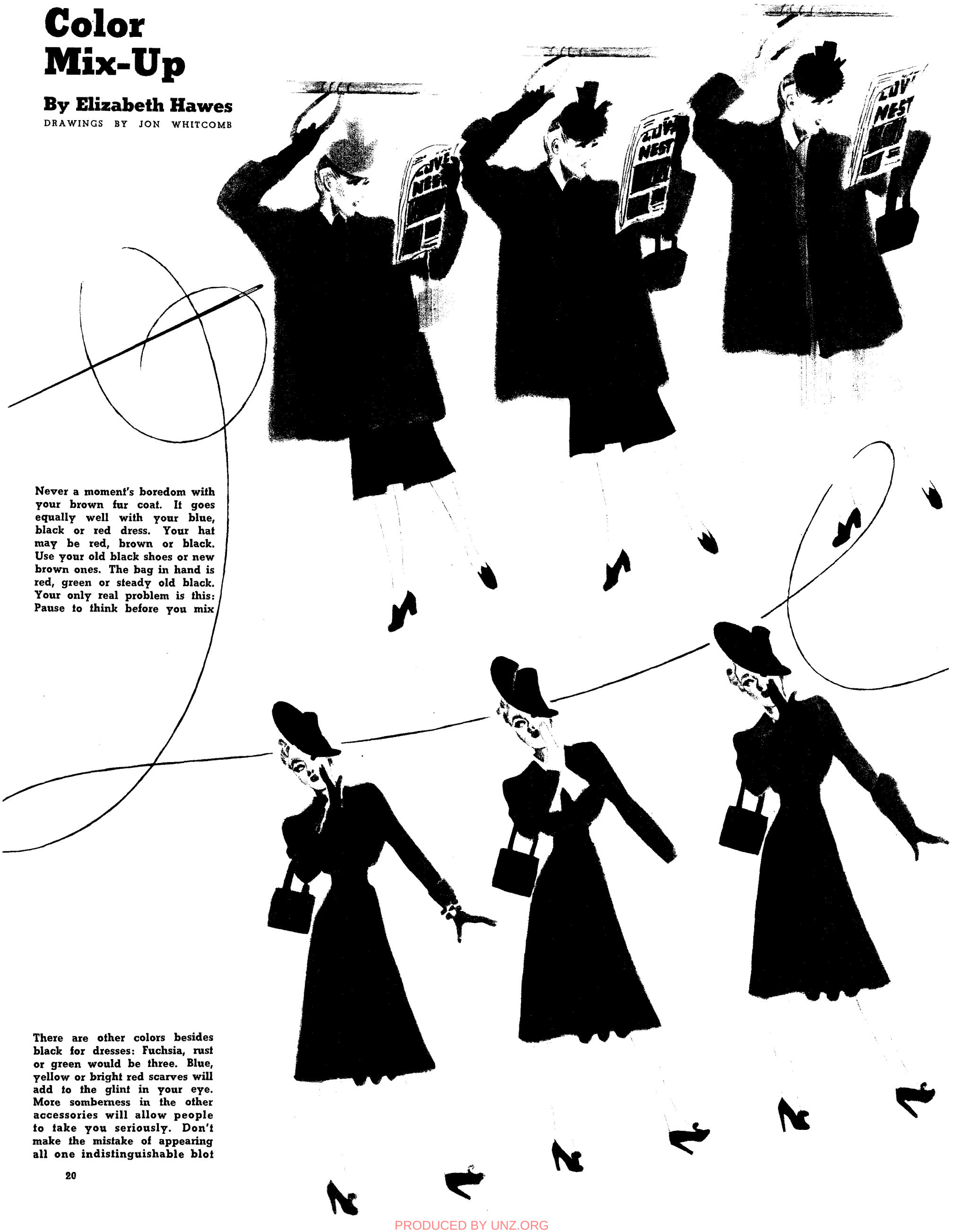
Color Mix-Up

By Elizabeth Hawes

DRAWINGS BY JON WHITCOMB



Never a moment's boredom with your brown fur coat. It goes equally well with your blue, black or red dress. Your hat may be red, brown or black. Use your old black shoes or new brown ones. The bag in hand is red, green or steady old black. Your only real problem is this: Pause to think before you mix

There are other colors besides black for dresses: Fuchsia, rust or green would be three. Blue, yellow or bright red scarves will add to the glint in your eye. More somberness in the other accessories will allow people to take you seriously. Don't make the mistake of appearing all one indistinguishable blot

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Fashion is spinach, said one of America's most original and expensive young dressmakers, and made a best-seller out of her book. Here she plies her pen in the cause of colors—long may you mix 'em

You'll get cut in on more often if you aren't just another girl done up in green. Stick a flower in your hair to match your shoes. Don't try to be shocking all in red. A touch of dark green and French blue will add the necessary note of subtlety. Do this and you'll give the men something to be a background for!

IT IS a very fine thing that we ladies are now in the general grip of a movement to mix up our colors. The powers that be have given out word that we can wear two or three or four colors all at the same time.

I am amused because I've been mixing up colors for my customers for years and I expect to go on doing it. I don't think a woman who has gotten used to being a little rainbowlike will quickly relinquish that alluring privilege. If the powers decide to urge you back to a dull world of all brown, all blue, all anything at one time, you'll not give in easily. I hope you'll make up your mind not to give in at all.

Men like color. The very next hour after your husband has told you he likes your all navy-blue getup with the white collar, his eye is wandering over to that girl with the bright red hat. Get yourself a red hat. Get yourself a green scarf and a yellow belt. Pay no further attention to those sartorial advisers who tell you it's not economical, that all your clothes and accessories had better match for safety's sake.

But at the same time this is a perplexing problem to you. You will make mistakes. Never mind. Persevere. The ultimate results will be worth the trouble.

You are blessed with or will have to buy a winter coat. In the first set of sketches I have assumed that your coat is a fullish, three-quarter-length brown fur. You must never let the color of your coat out of your head while you assemble what is to be worn with it. You will find that by adding different colored accessories you can wear many colored dresses under your coat. Your accessories don't wear out very fast and you'll acquire a number of sets to use from year to year.

Please look very hard at the second sketch, the lady in black and brown. Black and brown go together and don't think differently. You simply have to use a sufficient quantity of each. When my lady takes off her brown coat she has a brown hat, gloves and shoes with her black dress.

This is a sophisticated color combination, and effective if done with conviction. Also your browns and blacks can go with other things. Just because you have some black dresses from last year, you do not have to get a black coat. You can use a brown one and brown accessories. My lady adds a green bag for the sake of gaiety.

Look for Contrasts

You may have some difficulty finding your touches of contrast. Keep your eyes open and get your colored bags in sales. Keep them on hand for new color schemes. Sometimes you'll pick up a belt the same way. Take the black one off your black dress and put on the green one you happen to find.

Please don't forget that you can make up a few bits for yourself. Often a belt can be replaced by a silk sash for which you can get material in any color. Above all, you can surely make your scarves.

You will find the easy solution to your evening peacocking by sticking a flower or ribbon in your hair and having your shoes dyed and redyed. You will not match them to your dress but contrast them. You will pick up little gay evening bags at sales.

You will acquire a pair of shoes to match an odd jacket and a hair ornament that goes with them. You'll add and subtract it from different colored dresses for years to come. And you must never, in the midst of all this, forget the dyer. A white evening dress is not only the most becoming thing in the world but it can also change into any color you want another season.

By now you begin to see that mixing up your colors is not only an amusing job but also not such a difficult one. And, just to help quash the one-color costume dullness once and for all, mixing your colors is really more economical in the long run. There's gold at the end of the rainbow!

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Turn Left on Thursday

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Spotlight for two Hollywood stars, who did not try to play the game as most of them do

I TOLD David, "Stay out here. I'll call you."

He said, "Don't be long. I'm dying for a drink."

I didn't say anything. After all, David has been my chauffeur for fifteen years and there's no use trying to train him now. Then I looked at the house. It made me wince. Me, I'm a sucker for Hollywood. I like my swimming pools and my tennis courts and my bar and things like that. These little vine-covered places in the country, with lindens and white birches leaning over them, you can have. I walked up to the front door and knocked at it. I heard someone whistling and then a man came to the door.

He looked at me a minute and I looked at him. Then I took a picture out of a large envelope and looked at it.

"Are you selling pictures?" the man said politely.

"No," I told him. "I'm looking for the guy whose picture this is."

I handed it to him. He looked at it politely, but without much interest.

"This guy looks like a dope," he said calmly. "I'm glad I don't look like that."

"You don't," I admitted. "Are you going to offer me a drink?"

"I don't see why I should, do you?"

"I'm a long way from home. My name is Perry Randolph and I come from a place called Hollywood. I am thirsty and you farmers are supposed to be hospitable people. I would even," I added, "drink a glass of milk."

He laughed then, and said, "All right. I can do better than milk. My name is John Farrington. Come in and meet the old lady and the kid."

Just then I heard someone singing, "Old MacDonald had a farm, Eeee . . . I . . . eee I . . . oooo . . . And on the farm he had a duck. Here a duck, there a duck, everywhere a duck, duck . . . Old MacDonald."

"What kind of song is that?" I asked John Farrington.

"That's the old lady singing to the kid. She hasn't much of a voice because when she was young she used to gargle with razor blades, but she can put a nice apple pie together."

We went in and there was a living room that looked like it was off the set of a Civil War picture. Nothing there was new. On the walls there were those silly things that some dame had embroidered eighty years ago maybe. One said, "God Bless Our Happy Home." This guy's wife was sitting in a rocker, rocking back and forth and there was a kid on her lap squealing.

"Old MacDonald had a farm, eee . . . I . . . eee I . . . O. On this farm there was a cow. Here a cow, there a cow, everywhere a cow, cow," she was singing to him and she hardly noticed me. We stood there until she was finished and then, surprised, she looked up.

"This is a man named Randolph Perry," he said. "This is my wife, Elsie."

"It's Perry Randolph," I corrected.

"It's a nice name," she said calmly. "Were you named after the Perry who discovered the North Pole?"

"I KNEW a man named Perry once," he said. "He was a piano tuner. He didn't like the work much, but he said he met a lot of interesting pianos. You never knew him, did you?"

"I never even knew a piano," I said.

"Some of my best friends are pianos," she said.

"I only wanted a drink," I broke in. "And then I'll be on my way. I live in a place called Hollywood and I have to get back there."

"Now that's nice," the girl said. "I'll give you directions. Take the first road to your right, then go left on Thursday."

(Continued on page 30)

"Our car is outside. I've sold the house, and we're away," Monte said. "It's been nice to have met you." Doris leaned over and kissed me, and then they were gone

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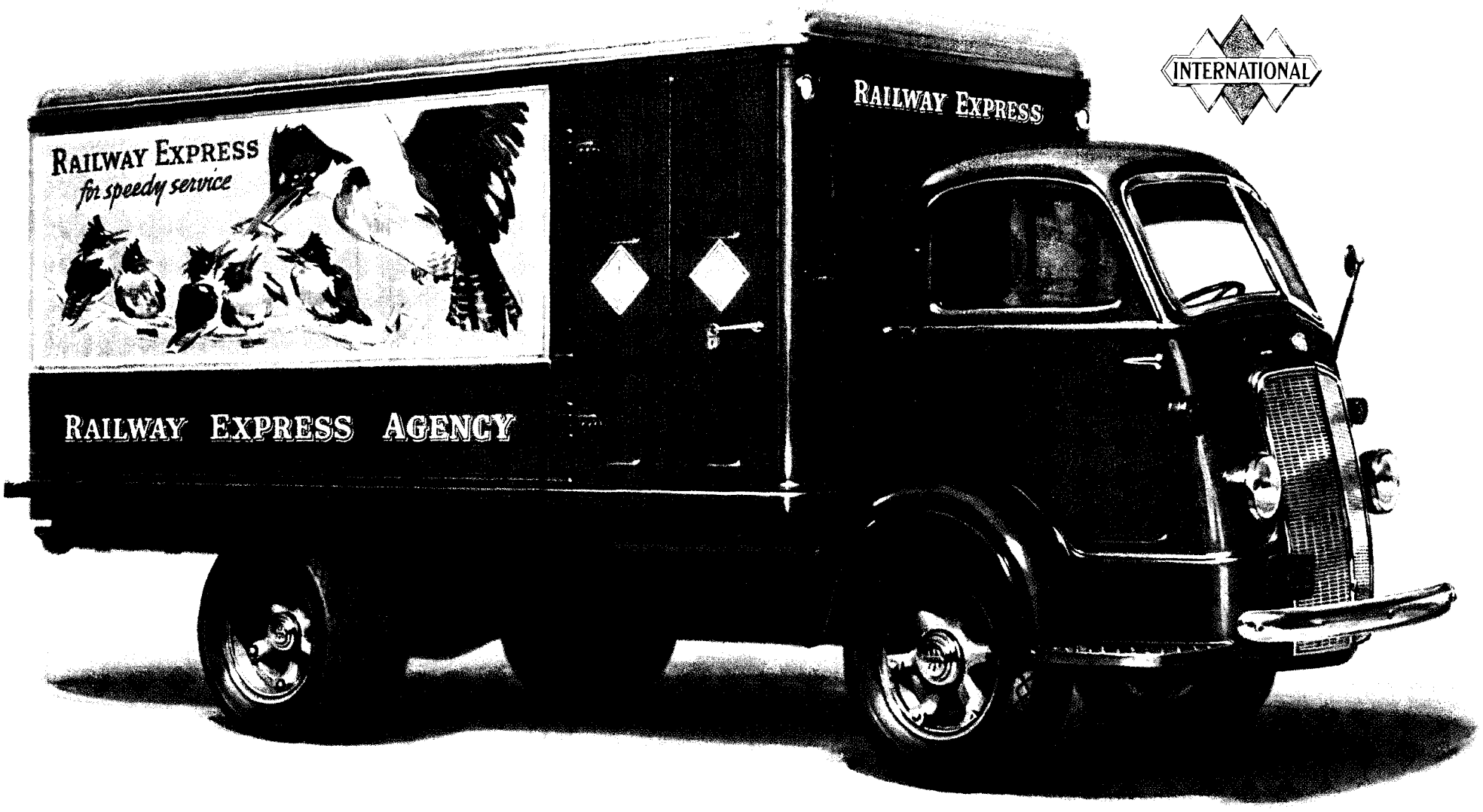

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England Learns About Labor

Continued from page 13

assumed a more menacing aspect; but Mr. John Burns, the man who, more than any other, had shaped and led the new unionism, whose name had made nervous citizens tremble, sat, twenty years after the Trafalgar Square riots, in the same cabinet as myself. Many other trade-union leaders have developed in a similar way. They began as extremists. As experience has brought new viewpoints and opened wider horizons they have mellowed. In the end they have served not only their union, but the wider community.

On both sides of the Atlantic it is the more irresponsible of the labor leaders of whom we hear most. Employers read their speeches and manifestoes and say: "So this is what the unions want. This is what labor unionism means." And when asked to recognize a union in their own industry they refuse. "Look at the things the unions demand," they protest. "Business would be impossible on such terms."

That is an understandable attitude, but a shortsighted one. The employer who will have nothing to do with unionism is playing into the hands of the extremists. He is creating the atmosphere in which they flourish and grow strong.

I believe that, in their own best interests, employers should place no obstacle in the way of their working people joining a labor union. And as soon as a union can claim to speak for a substantial number of the workers in any undertaking, it is good policy to recognize it.

What, after all, does recognition mean? The only difference is this—that instead of making bargains with individual employees about wages and working conditions, the management now negotiates collective agreements.

An Unwarranted Fear

"But," says the American employer, "if I once allow a union to have any say on working conditions I am putting a brake on progress."

I do not think that the growth of labor unionism will entail any diminution of technical efficiency, or prove a bar to the employment of new inventions or improved methods of work. In so far as good relations are established with the unions it may even facilitate change. Sane trade unionism, far from being revolutionary, is always much more interested in a good standard of life than in socialist utopias.

I am aware, however, that part of the distrust of labor unions in the United States springs from a feeling that the National Labor Relations Board is unduly partisan, and that the Wagner Act, which established it, is itself one-sided and unfair. Both the act and the board, I have been told, are anticapital. They seek to curtail unduly the rights and liberties of employers and confer upon the labor unions privileges and immunities that no other section of the community enjoys.

The board's attitude may be inspired by a feeling that the dice are loaded against the unions and particularly against the newer unions, and that, therefore, even if they make mistakes, they ought to be protected. But no government department would be allowed to become partisan in a British industrial dispute.

The British government represents, and is responsible to, the whole of the people. Its relations with employers and trade unions are governed by that fact. It does not take sides as between capital and labor. But if a strike or lockout threatens an essential public service it must see to it that the national interest is safeguarded. It is also ready to act as mediator where mediation may be helpful.

The Ministry of Labor conciliation machinery is always at the service of both the unions' and the employers' organizations. The work done in this way is invaluable, but it would be impossible if there were not general confidence in the impartiality of the minister and the conciliation officers.

For the rest, trade-union leaders are consulted equally with the representatives of the employers when questions relating to industry are under discussion.

The importance of the unions in the national life is thus amply recognized, and they are to some extent a privileged body. They are not incorporated. They enjoy immunity from actions for damages for loss or injury arising from strikes. That immunity was conferred upon them originally by an act of 1871. Parliament then decided that combinations of employers could be sued, but not combinations of their working people. It seemed intolerable to our grandfathers, in England, that funds accumulated by very poor people for purposes vital to the existence of their homes should be liable to be swept away as a result of a legal action arising out of a trade dispute.

"I think the captain yelled fire just to get rid of us"

REAMER KELLER

Then, in 1900, there was an unofficial strike on the Taff Vale Railway. The union officials had tried to stop it, but the men were out of hand and there was rowdyism and intimidation. In the end the strike failed, as without union support it was bound to fail, and the beaten men crept back to work. But a legacy of resentment had been left behind. The Taff Vale Railway Company brought an action for damages against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. It was claimed that though the society had not authorized the strike, it was responsible for the acts of its members. The legal battle was carried through the Court of Appeal to the highest tribunal of all—the House of Lords. Here the decision was in favor of the company. It was ruled that as the act of 1871 did not specifically declare the unions to be nonsuable, the legal presumption was that they could be sued. The society had to pay about $100,000 in damages, and double that amount in costs.

Other legal judgments in a similar sense followed. It was obvious that the right to strike had become meaningless. If damages of $100,000 could be awarded following an unofficial strike on a small branch railway, the union that called its men out in a major dispute faced almost certain ruin.

No one, not even the lawyers, knew how far the liability of the unions might extend. Even the most impeccable acts, the labor leaders were advised, might become actionable if they were committed on behalf of an association and if they injured another person financially.

Throughout the country trade unions saw the conditions under which they had lived for more than a generation threatened, and the organizations they had built to protect their interests paralyzed or emasculated. They believed that the courts meant to break the unions, and they chafed under a deep sense of wrong.

These events led to the birth of the Labor Socialist party of Great Britain. A tremendous impetus was given to all those forces that clamored for independent labor representation. The Taff Vale decision drove the unions into politics.

At the next general election, in 1906, the Labor Representative Committee secured the return of twenty-nine candidates to Parliament. The Labor party had arrived. Although one of the first acts of the new liberal government was to restore to the trade unions the immunities the Taff Vale and other judgments had destroyed, the Labor party remained. It has since, on two occasions, provided the crown with governments ruling over the whole field of British imperial affairs.

I would ask my American friends when they speak of making labor unions responsible in law for the acts of their members to bear this sequence of events in mind. In the United States there is an embryonic Labor party. The Committee for Industrial Organization appears to regard favorably the policy of independent political action. Incorporate the unions so as to hamper their power to conduct a strike, and the American Federation of Labor may also be converted to the Labor party idea, and a new and formidable challenger enters the political field. No man may safely predict the consequences of such a development. An American Labor party might function on very different lines and espouse very different policies than the British Labor party. It might, of course, repudiate Socialism. It might, on the other hand, be more violent and more revolutionary than British labor.

It is a big risk to take for what is, after all, a doubtful gain. To make unions answerable in this way for their members is to hamper and embarrass the honorable, straight-dealing union leader as much as his less scrupulous rival. It would very likely strengthen the Communists, who would find in the ruin—or the impotence—of the unions and the bitterness it created precisely the opportunities they seek. It opens the door to the sinister activities of the *agent provacateur*.

Yet it remains true that some form of regulation is necessary. We in Britain discovered as a result of a number of strikes against the community that our existing legislation required further definition. A policy of political blackmail culminated in the general strike of 1926. It was broken once and for all, by the Trade Disputes & Trade Unions Act of 1927. I commend the provisions of that act to my American friends as representing a "middle way" that, while leaving the unions free to forward the interests of their members by all lawful means, effectively prevents the grave evils apt to arise when power is divorced from responsibility.

In the English Manner

The new act discriminates between strikes of different characters. The immunities of *bona fide* trade disputes are not extended to strikes of a political nature. The sympathetic strike is permitted only within the trade or industry within which the original dispute arose. Otherwise it is illegal in all cases where, by inflicting hardship on the community, it seeks—or seems to seek—to coerce the government. In similar circumstances, lockouts by employers would also be illegal. All union officials who take part in, or act in furtherance of any illegal strike, are liable to criminal prosecution. Individual workmen who act as strike pickets or in any other way actively support an illegal strike are also criminally liable. In addition to this, unions may be sued in the courts.

Members of a union expelled for refusing to participate in an illegal strike may also claim damages, which will be payable out of the union funds. Municipal employees, or the servants of any public authority, who break their contracts of employment are liable to criminal prosecution as well as to civil action for damages. In this way a general strike has been made impossible.

I should imagine that there would be little difficulty in establishing similar safeguards in every state of the Union. It would also be reasonable to require both unions and employers to exhaust the conciliation machinery available before there is either a strike or a lockout.

I believe that a strong trades-union movement, free to pursue in its own way all legitimate purposes, is the bulwark against Communism and revolution; and that the extension of industrial democracy to give to the laboring masses a real sense of partnership in industry, would probably end Communism altogether in a generation. The path to industrial democracy lies plain before us. We can achieve it by an increasing collaboration of the employers' and workers' organizations. The first step toward that must be the acknowledgment of legitimate and responsible labor unionism. To refuse or delay such a decision is, according to experience, to play into the hands of the Communist propagandist.

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Dumb Witness

Continued from page 18

started the quarrel again and knocked her off and got out without being seen."

"Gentlemen, I didn't kill my wife. We had no quarrels."

"Was that true about Parkyn quarreling with his wife?" I asked O'Malley when we had got outside.

"You know somebody that don't quarrel with his wife? I just said that to start him talking."

"Leave him alone and he'll talk," I advised. "It's on his mind and solitude will make him confess."

"Confess what? He didn't kill her and I don't know who did. We probably won't find out. You going up to your place?"

I said I was.

"I'll be up there later."

He came in a half hour. He had the dog.

"You got some place where I can put this pooch?"

"What's the idea?"

"Why, no idea."

I was using my kitchenette only occasionally, so we put the dog there. We set a pan of water for him. He barked at us.

"I had him at the station house," O'Malley explained, "but them cops played with him. I got an idea some of 'em fed him too. Don't you go playing with him, and it's better if you don't feed him and better still if you don't even look at him."

HE WENT away and I didn't see him till he came back to the apartment late the next afternoon.

"Well, how's the hound?" he asked.

I said I hadn't looked. We looked. The dog gazed up at us with bewildered, pleading eyes. He didn't bark.

O'Malley carried him over to the telephone stand; he had a long list of numbers and he dialed the first one.

"This is the electric light company," he said. "We've got a report you're having trouble with your lights. What is the nature of the trouble?"

When the answer came, he put the receiver to the dog's ear. The dog didn't do anything. O'Malley went on till he had called all the numbers. Sometimes he asked for someone by name and sometimes he varied the question that he asked. Once the dog jumped down off the telephone stand and ran all about the apartment and looked in the bedroom and dining room and bath and kitchenette and then came and smelled of me as though he thought I might be someone else. He became discouraged and we caught him again.

"What's all this about?" I asked.

"It might not be much. You don't want this pup, so I'll take him back to the station house."

I went along. I didn't want to miss anything. I didn't know what was going on. There wasn't anything happening at the station house. O'Malley talked to a couple of plain-clothes cops who went away, and then he checked over a huge bundle of reports. Nothing happened, and I went out and got something to eat and came back and still nothing happened and it got to be ten o'clock. The phone rang and the desk lieutenant answered it.

"You better move," he told O'Malley.

We grabbed a police car and drove to the apartment house. A cab was waiting at the entrance, and one of the plain-clothes cops was waiting across the street and we parked the police car around the corner and waited with him. Then a man and a woman came out of the apartment house carrying traveling bags, but in the bad light I couldn't see who they were. We went across to them.

"You going somewhere?" O'Malley asked the man.

"Only over the week end. We'll be back Monday."

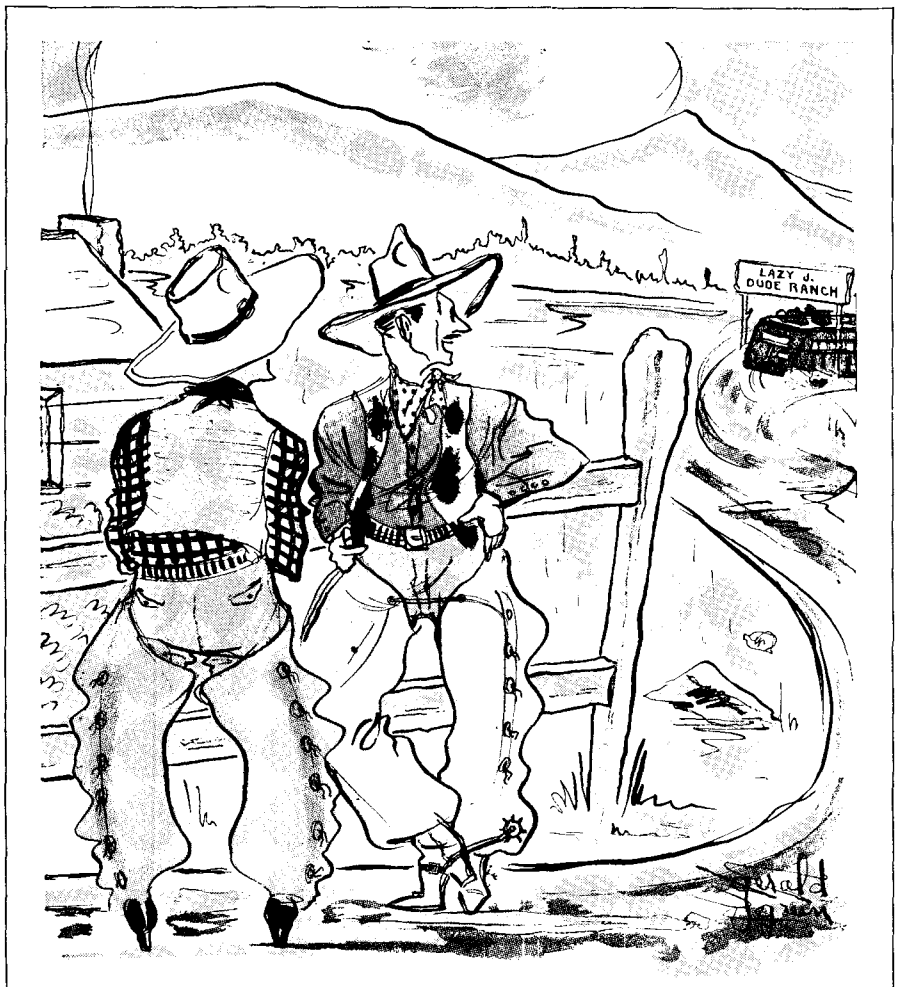
"Brother, you're back now."

We got in the cab with them and went to the station house and I saw now that this was the man Marler who lived on the fourth floor.

"Is Marler the man you're looking for, O'Malley?" I asked.

"I couldn't say. I'm hoping we might find out."

THERE was a lot of activity at the station house. There was telephoning, and people came in whom I had seen at the apartment house, and cops brought in other people and took them into the detectives' room, where they had Mr. and Mrs. Marler. It was three o'clock in the morning and I hadn't gone home. Then O'Malley came out.



"Well, we can put on some civilized clothing and quit rolling our own now. There goes the last of the dudes"

GERALD GREEN

"Okay," he said. "We got the right guy. It was Marler done that killing. This business was this way: Parkyn brought his wife here to New York, where she didn't know nobody and he didn't give her no chance to make any friends. He's a stingy guy that had no idea of doing anything for his wife, and she was homesick and sat around the apartment and didn't even get acquainted with anybody. One time Marler's wife was away and he spoke to Mrs. Parkyn in the elevator. Well, then they begun to see each other.

"Marler lived on the floor above and his apartment door is right next to the door to one of them enclosed stairways. He would call Mrs. Parkyn up, and if it was all right for him to come in he would go in the elevator to his floor and, if there was no one in the hall, he would walk down the stairs and look through the glass panel in the door to see there was no one in her hall, and she would have left the door unlatched so he could get in.

"Marler wasn't very happy with his wife and he is some afraid of her. He worked for a produce commission firm and he went to work about four in the morning and he got through early in the afternoon. Whoever seen him go into the building thought he had gone to his own apartment and his wife didn't think nothing because she wasn't never sure what time in the afternoon he would get home. Well, there don't seem no doubt that Marler got a lot in love with Mrs. Parkyn. I don't know how much she was in love with him.

"Then finally there came a showdown: Marler had been spending more money than he earned and he had took money from his firm. That was going to get found out and he figured he would leave town before it did, and his idea was he would leave his wife and take Mrs. Parkyn with him. Marler phoned his company that morning he was sick and wouldn't be down. Later he seen Mrs. Parkyn.

"Well, when he told her about it, Mrs. Parkyn wouldn't go. He was half nuts, I guess, from love of her and from having took the money, and they quarreled and when Marler come to himself he found he'd bumped her off."

"A PECULIAR thing," I stated, "that, with more than a hundred families living in that building, their affair could have gone on and no one noticed it!"

"Why, this town is like that. Well, it was plain this wasn't no killing for robbery. When a cop gets a case like this, he asks who was the dead person's friends and he goes and talks to all of 'em and he usually digs up the reason for the killing. But this lady didn't have no friends; we had no one to tell us about her but her husband. Parkyn said his wife's rings was phony jewelry but they looked real to me, so I found out about 'em. That made the case different. Parkyn had given his wife rings that he knew was phony because he had bought 'em himself, but Mrs. Parkyn was wearing real rings that was exactly like 'em.

"That couldn't hardly mean anything except that some other guy had replaced her phony rings with real ones. So she did know somebody that her husband and her neighbors couldn't tell us about. So who was that guy?—because he might be the one that killed her. I figured he had to be somebody that had business in that building or that lived there. We checked up on everybody and on all the tenants, but Marler and Mrs. Parkyn had covered up so well we didn't get nothing. So then I begun to think about the dog."

"I see," I said.

"Sure. We had a witness to the killing but the witness couldn't talk, so I wondered was there some way to make him tell us something. I figured he had been what they call pampered; Mrs. Parkyn was alone with him a lot and she probably treated him like he was a kid. Well, I would treat him different.

"Cops had made up a list of all people that could have come to her apartment, including the other tenants; so I took that list and crossed off everybody I was sure hadn't done it. I had a lot of names left and I got the phone numbers of all of 'em that had phones or had access to one. Then we shut the dog up in your apartment and didn't give him nothing to eat or let him see anybody, till he got sorry for himself. Then I called all them people and let the dog listen to 'em. I figured if he heard the voice of some guy he thought was a friend he would give signs of it. So he did. When he heard Marler's voice he jumped down and went all around your apartment looking for Marler.

"I SENT some plain-clothes cops to keep watch of Marler while we checked the guy up. But Marler didn't give us no chance to check him. He guessed that had been a fake phone call and he told his wife about his embezzlement and that they had to leave town. So then we pinched him. When Mrs. Marler found out it was murder he was pinched for and that he had been seeing Mrs. Parkyn, she give us all the help she could. It was her that finally got a confession out of him.

"That business about the rings turns out to be this way: Marler has got a cousin that works for a manufacturing jeweler. He wanted to give Mrs. Parkyn a present but she was afraid to take anything because of her husband. The idea come to Marler to have his cousin make a real ring like one of them phony rings that Mrs. Parkyn's husband had give her. Well, he done that several times till all her rings was real. Part of the money Marler took from his company went to pay for Mrs. Parkyn's rings. Marler was excited after he killed her and didn't take the rings and, after he shut the door of her apartment, he couldn't get back in there."

"Quite extraordinary!" I declared.

"I don't see what's extraordinary. Well, I'm glad the guy confessed. The pooch couldn't give evidence in court, and if he could I wouldn't trust that kind of dog not to deny in court he ever even seen that Marler."

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"With milk you'll do what I say," I told her. "Remember, you are not a girl named Doris Hill any more. You are a figure named Doris Hill, a figure owned by the Star Picture Corporation."

Monte objected, too, when I started smearing the papers with stories of his boyhood on a farm; stories of his great football prowess. The thing he really kicked up a fuss about was a story describing him as an All-America football player.

"I was not All-America," he protested. "I was second All-America."

"Can I help it if I can't count?" I grumbled. "Get out of here and let me do the thinking for us both."

Finally, Manny found a picture that he thought might do for them. It was an innocuous little thing called The Two of Us and when I read the script I winced a little. It was a very old-fashioned story about a boy and girl falling—you've guessed it—in love.

WE PICKED the cast with great care. Every girl in the picture had to be taller than Doris to emphasize her helplessness—her smallness. Every man had to be shorter than Monte to make him the big, strong, silent man. Of course silent. Pictures weren't smart enough to talk yet.

I'll never forget seeing those first rushes. I held my breath and waited for the second-, then the third-day rushes, and then I told Manny to come to the projection room. We ran off everything that had been shot.

"It is a great gift, my boy," Manny said solemnly.

"You mean those two kids have a great gift!"

He looked annoyed. "No, I mean me. I mean out of hundreds of thousands of youngsters in the country I have the gift of picking out the two who are terrific. It gives me awe sometimes to think of it. Do you know what's wrong with pictures today? No, let me tell you. Producers haven't vision, haven't imagination. Me? Me, I'm lousy with vision. What do people say about Manny Goldfarb? They say, Manny Goldfarb is knee-deep in imagination. These kids are marvelous because I knew they would be marvelous."

I said, "Sure, boss, you are a dream prince, boss. A guy like me is lucky to be working for a guy like you."

The picture was one of those things that never happen. It swept the country like a forest fire spreading over a—well, whatever they spread over.

The public went nuts over the sweetness and wistfulness of Doris and the big, strong niceness of Monte. We shot them in another picture quick, and this, too, was sensational. We signed them up to new contracts.

Then, all of a sudden, some guy invented something called a sound track, and the old industry was dead. From now on, actors had to talk.

The first thing we did was to give all of our contract stars sound tests. Manny and I died watching those tests. Then we got around to Doris and Monte.

I said to Monte, "You and Doris have to take a sound test, and your future depends on it."

"So what?" he said indifferently. "If we flop there are other ways of earning a living."

"After we've spent a million dollars exploiting you?" I yelled. "Listen, if you and Doris get by this test, Mr. Manny Goldfarb will tear up your contracts and probably double the ante."

"That'll be nice," he said indifferently.

They took the test and they did great. I honestly think it was because they didn't care whether they would be great or not. I watched them and for the first time I realized something. I watched the way they held long conversations with their eyes alone, and I knew that they were in love.

We shot them right into a picture and we found that talking only increased their appeal. That was great. The old

"Come, come, Philip, stop fooling around" LOUIS JAMME

For a quick come-back —take Sal Hepatica!

WIFE: Just my luck! We plan our costumes for the Masque Ball for months and on the big day I wake up feeling logy, headachy. Even if I take a laxative, this old sickish feeling will hang on and on.

HUSBAND: Not if you take Sal Hepatica!

WIFE: Why? Is Sal Hepatica any different?

HUSBAND: I should say it is! Millions have found that it not only is a quick yet gentle laxative, but it also counteracts gastric acidity—*chases that sickish feeling fast*. Just you wait and see!

HUSBAND: You're the cutest trick here, honey. Bet you get the prize for Loveliest Lady!

WIFE: All the praise goes to you, darling, and your sparkling Sal Hepatica. It's certainly the secret of a fast come-back.

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

Get the double help of

SAL HEPATICA

a sparkling mineral salt laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too.

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idols were falling all over Hollywood and here we were with two real box-office attractions. The other studios burned up good. Doris and Monte made four pictures that first year of talkies and each of them grossed more than a million. Now everyone in the country knew the Hill-Sloan team. They were better known than Gehrig and Ruth, and *as popular as corned beef and cabbage.* Outside of the studio no one saw them much. They worked hard and then they disappeared.

Monte had a nice house over in one of the canyons, but Doris still lived in a small two-room apartment on Sunset. I tried to get her to move into a Beverly Hills house, but she wouldn't do it.

"I really have plenty of room here," she said, with a funny smile.

Sometimes I felt like telling them that they were in love with each other, but I didn't. I was planning a big surprise for them. First I broke it to Mr. Manny Goldfarb.

"Manny," I told him, "right now, Hill and Sloan are close to the biggest draw in pictures. The public loves them as a romantic team. Some day maybe the public will get tired a little bit of them as a romantic team. I got such an idea. When they finish this picture, suppose we marry them off to each other. The publicity will be marvelous. It will be something new to have a romantic married team together. What do you think?"

"Maybe, yes, maybe, no." Manny was thinking out loud. "I will consider it."

Another year passed, and now Doris and Monte were definitely the biggest thing in pictures. They had found their maximum public. From now on they *had to hold that public, or do something* a little different to attract a new public.

ONE day, Mr. Manny Goldfarb said to me: "Look, Perry, I got an idea. Let us marry Doris and Monte off to each other, and we will get a new public for them. Sure, every year in the U. S. maybe half a million young people get married. To them being married is as romantic as not being married. They will go big for a star team that is married, and that will be a new public we will catch. Yes, Perry, get them married. It is the best idea I ever had."

"But, boss," I protested, "a year ago . . ."

"Yes," he beamed, "that is like you thinking of a year ago. Me? I am thinking of a year from now. Always I am thinking a year ahead . . ."

"Yes, boss," I said, and what else could I say? Answer me that.

Doris and Monte had just finished Love is Enough, the biggest thing they had done yet. We spent one million and a quarter dollars on that picture and it was worth it. It would bring back three million easy.

I called Doris and Monte into my office. I thought I would get them married now, just before the picture broke. I had it all planned. They could elope to maybe Yuma by plane, and we could have other planes go with them taking pictures all the way.

They stood there in front of me, and I said, "I have a little surprise for you. You have been working very hard lately."

"We have been working very hard for five years, Perry," Monte said, "and now we have a little surprise for you."

"Mine first," I smiled, and I took Doris' right hand and put it in Monte's left hand. Then I cleared my throat. It was very touching what I was going to do and almost tears came into my eyes. But not quite.

"I have been watching you two very carefully for the past five years, and I am very fond of you," I said. "I want to tell you a secret. Don't blush now, Doris, but this is something I have discovered. You are in love with Monte and he is in love with you and we have decided that you two should get married as we think it would be a very wonderful thing and also good box office."

Doris didn't blush. Neither did Monte. I said, "Did you hear me? We will have the most wonderful wedding Hollywood ever saw."

Monte said calmly, "Perry, we had *the most wonderful wedding that Hollywood* ever saw. We were married five years ago, just three days after we arrived here."

My mouth fell open. A glaze came over my eyes. I held out a hand to steady myself.

"You can't do this to me!" I shouted. "You can't double-cross me! I will have that marriage repealed and you will do it my way."

"Underneath all that, Perry is really

"Not bad, Maybelle. Marriage ceremony two bucks, ring five bucks, cook book one and a quarter, a down payment on a set of furniture and I rented them the old Hybarger place"

DAVE GERARD

very sweet, isn't he, darling?" Doris said, looking at Monte.

Monte nodded gravely. "Yes, dear. In fact, now that he knows we are married, I bet he'll give us a nice wedding present."

"I still don't believe it," I spluttered. "Where did you get married? How come no one knew about it?"

"We found a new place," Doris said. "A place where no one from Hollywood ever goes. A place called Los Angeles. It's just two miles down Wilshire Boulevard."

"YOU ought to visit it, Perry," Monte said. "Lots of nice people live there." He grinned. "Sit down, Perry. There is a lot we want to tell you."

"I want to tell you . . ."

He leaned over and pushed me into my chair.

"This morning, Doris looked up at me with adoring eyes; she blushed a little, and said shyly, 'Thirty years from now you may be a grandfather.' "

Doris broke in, "Wasn't that a nice way to break the news to him, Perry?"

"What news?" I yelled.

"That we are to become three," Monte said. "That we are to catch a bundle from heaven. That—"

"You mean that you are going to have a baby?" I said coldly.

MONTE pointed to Doris. "Her. That *one. She's going to have a baby.*"

"The stork that brought you should get pneumonia. You have spoiled everything. You were on the crest of . . ."

"Of the wave?" Doris suggested.

"I and Mr. Manny Goldfarb have made maybe two million dollars for you . . ."

"One million and a half," Monte said promptly. "We have most of it, too, Perry. And now we are going to take a six months' vacation."

"You can't do that to us," I stormed.

"We already have," Monte said calmly. "You know, Perry, we haven't had much fun these past few years. We've become rich and we've become famous. We owe you that. You discovered us both. You've given us everything but the chance to live normal lives. Do you think it's fun to have a lot of little half-wits crowd up for autographs every time we stick our faces out of doors? It wasn't funny to have photographers hiding behind trees whenever we took a walk. Take it from there, Doris."

"And so we are going away to have our baby, in what Monte has nicknamed 'seclusion'." Doris said. "We are going to take some other names and go to Europe to have some fun and there is no use your trying to find us, Perry, because we have everything arranged. Then when the time comes, we are coming back secretly and have the baby and then we'll get in touch with you, Perry."

"We want our baby to duck the horrible publicity we've had," Monte said. "You can announce that Doris had a nervous breakdown from overwork and that she is going to take a few months off. You can also announce that we have been married the past five years if you wish. We really don't care."

Doris said, "After the baby arrives we are going to spend a few months on a farm that has a kitchen. We want to *spend the first few months of our baby's* life with her."

"With him, dear," Monte interrupted.

"You know everything," she pouted. "Why didn't you let me guess?"

"When do you think you are going?" I asked sarcastically.

"We know when we're going. We're going now. This minute, Perry. Our car is outside. I've sold the house, and we're away. It's been nice to have met you."

Doris leaned over and kissed me, and then they were gone, and I had to go in and tell Mr. Manny Goldfarb, and that wasn't easy. He raved and he stormed and he told me what was wrong with pictures, but that didn't bring Doris and Monte back. It was a great story when I broke it; about how Doris and Monte had been secretly married, all those years. We sprang it the same time we released. The picture was good anyhow, and with that added publicity, it became the biggest thing since Boulder Dam.

Now and then I would get a letter from Monte or Doris, always from some place like Grasse or Singapore or Nairobi or some place like that that no one ever heard of. Then I didn't hear from them for a long time. I wondered where they were, and then one day I picked up the paper and I froze all over. The *paper said where they were all right.* Me? I ran to get a plane but the weather was bad and no planes were leaving Hollywood. So I went to get a train and there had been a little flood and the train bridges were washed out. So I had to wait three days until they were fixed and it took me four and a half more days to get to New York, and they had checked out an hour before I arrived and I couldn't find them anywhere. But at our New York office there was a letter waiting for me from Monte. It read like this:

"DEAR Perry:

"We have managed very well these past seven months. We have had a wonderful time. We got back a week ago, on a freighter, and Doris went to the hospital, using her mother's name, which you never knew was Malone. She went the day before New Year's and that afternoon she wanted to know if they wore paper hats and had noise-making machines in hospitals on New Year's Eve, and I told her I didn't know.

"Then, all of a sudden she said, 'Gwan, get out of here, I am sleepy'; and dope that I am I just thought she was sleepy. So I went back to the hotel and went to sleep myself. In the morning I had some coffee sent up and I thought, 'Well, well, so it's New Year's day.' Then I sent for the papers and I took one look at them and I died.

"There is my picture and Doris' picture on the front page and big headlines how Doris had given birth to a son and it was discovered only because the baby was born at one minute after midnight, New Year's Eve, and that made it the first baby born in the United States in 1937. All the doctors and nurses rushed in to see the baby, and its mother, and someone recognized Doris and she couldn't deny who she was because in her pain she kept hollering out for Monte. So they knew who we were. Since then, I have had to hire detectives to stand outside Doris' door to keep autograph hunters out.

"We thought that we would have a few quiet weeks with the baby, and then go back to Hollywood. Now we realize

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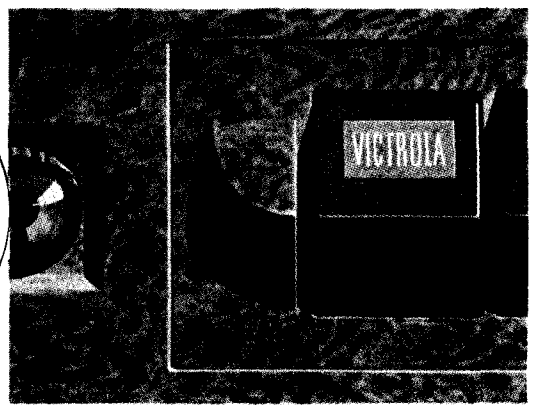

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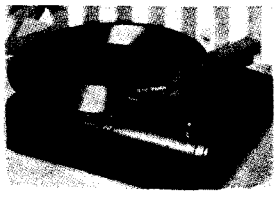

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All the doctors and nurses rushed in to see the baby and its mother, and someone recognized Doris

that if we did that, our baby would never have the chance to lead a normal life. He would always be the son of America's sweethearts. That is a great start for a baby in life, hey, Perry?

"We talked it over and decided to check out of the whole business. I have always wanted to live on a farm and so has Doris. We are sneaking out of the hospital tonight. I have even bribed a doctor to arrange it and we have a private ambulance waiting, and we are going to get out of New York and go to the country. Don't try to find us. We have a new name all picked out and we are both going to get fat and old as quickly as we can and you can have that Hollywood. What good is it? You even get the sun secondhand out there. Sure it rises here in the east and by the time you get it, it's a tired old sun. But you should see our son, Perry. We are naming him after you. Doris sends her love.

"MONTE"

Well, I hired the best detectives in the country to find them, but nothing happened. They had absolutely disappeared, and so I went back to Hollywood. You can well believe that Mr. Manny Goldfarb was mad, but there was nothing anybody could do. Anyhow, about then the craze for crazy pictures set in. We had Nothing Sacred and Merrily We Live and Bringing Up Baby and things like that. Our company cashed in good on that craze. But now it's over. Now the public has changed its taste and it wants sweet old-fashioned pictures again. Pictures like Love is Enough. So what? So we get a thousand letters a day, demanding that we bring back Doris Hill and Monte Sloan. But where are Doris Hill and Monte? Mr. Manny Goldfarb says to me, "Go and find them," and that is all he says.

ONCE again I hunt all over and I go finally to Columbia College and find some old friends of Monte's there and they say that he was always talking about getting a farm in Connecticut. So I take pictures of Monte and Doris and send a hundred men all over Connecticut to every gasoline station in the state, asking if anyone recognizes the pictures. I even went around myself and that is why I am here today, because a gas-station man down the road said that some people lived in this house who looked a little bit like the two pictures.

Well, that is the whole story, and I must thank you for not interrupting. There is a half million dollars a picture waiting for those two ungrateful people, and what they have done to me shouldn't happen to a dog.

The big guy got up and he said, "Won't you have one more drink before you go, Mr. Randolph?"

"Please do," his wife said. "You must be thirsty after your long search for these two awful people. How selfish they are, just enjoying themselves and not making a lot of money for Mr. Manny Goldstein."

"Goldfarb," I corrected. Then I stood up and I said, "Well, that is all, I guess."

They walked to the door with me. "Take a look at that sunset, Mr. Randolph," Farrington said enthusiastically.

"It's from the west," I said coldly. "We get the sunset first out in Hollywood."

"It must be an interesting place," she said, sighing. "Sometime we must take a trip there. Maybe Mr. Randolph could get us into the studios. Maybe in about ten years."

"Sure," he said. "Well, it's been good to see you, Mr. Randolph. Any time you're in the neighborhood drop in."

"Now may I please ask you two just one question?" I said. "Supposing, just supposing, mind you, that you two were Monte Sloan and Doris Hill. Supposing I was to say to you, 'Here is practically a blank contract—will you come back to Hollywood with me?'—what would you say?"

HE TURNED to her and looked very grave. Then she reached up and put her arm around his shoulders. They stood there for a moment and just then I heard the baby cry. She turned quickly, listening, but the baby didn't cry again.

"You know, Mr. Randolph, I understand that it is so noisy in Hollywood that you can't even hear a baby cry," she said.

"It's so quiet here that you can even hear the tulips grow," he said. "Do you know about tulips, Mr. Randolph? At night when it gets chilly they close right up. We get up early and go out and watch them open their eyes again when the sun hits them."

"I asked you a civil question," I said.

"Well, since you asked it," he said, "if we were Monte Sloan and Doris Hill and you asked us to go to Hollywood. I would say, 'We are a couple of simple farmers and we would be very much frightened in Hollywood.' Besides," he added, "we think pictures are just a fad anyhow. They won't last."

"Like the automobile," she added gravely. "We have a couple of horses and that's good enough for us."

"Then your answer is 'No'?" I said. "You won't come back with me?"

He smiled. "Even if we were Monte Sloan and Doris Hill we wouldn't go back with you. But remember, our name is Farrington."

"So long," I said, turning down the gravel walk toward the gate. "You turn to the right, and then go left on Thursday. Isn't that what you said, Mrs. Farrington?"

"That's the way to Hollywood," she called after me.

David held the door of the car open and he grumbled, "You were there long enough, boss."

I turned back to wave as the car started. Then I remembered something. I hollered, "What's the baby's name?"

Mr. Farrington cupped his hands and shouted, "Benny. We named him Benny."

Then I relaxed for a couple of minutes; I didn't even hear David grumbling about the bad roads. They'd named the kid Benny, hey? Well, they'd kept their promise all right.

You see before I changed my name, like everyone out there changes names, my name was Benny, too.

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Troubled Star

Continued from page 17

eternal fidelity for three whole months. You loved me ardently for nearly two of them. That's so much more than we could have hoped for. You've been adorable and kind and sweet, letting me down ever so gently. I'll remember you very tenderly for that." He smiled and smiled—such dashing daredeviltry, so perfectly a sensitive, intuitive gentleman disengaging himself from a little pleasant folly.

"I'm dull," she said; "I'm pretty dumb. But I get it now."

He laughed delightedly. "Julie, you droll darling! Are you going to pretend to be a little heartbroken to console me? Let's not, darling. Let's give a beautiful experience the dignity of being graceful about its end."

HE WENT on talking that way. Things about the beautiful moment accepted courageously and given up not gladly but without reproach. Things about the adult heart that remembers proudly. Things about gallant generosity and proud memories. Quite a while. . . . She was thinking: remember how we were going to be married the last night of the Foibles? Oh, shut up, Julie—you're just a girl getting the gate.

She picked up her coat. "I was a setup, wasn't I?" she said.

Then he had her by the shoulder and his excitement had come back and he looked—oh, wild. "We mustn't be fools enough to talk about this!" He was almost shaking her.

She thought of the letter. But it didn't make any difference now. "Somebody must want to get you," she said.

His fingers dug into her shoulder. "That letter doesn't trouble me. But you—do you brag? Do you pin your griefs on your sleeve? Do you babble like a coed?"

Fingers on the doorknob she had stealthily turned so often, she said without heat, "The answer to anything you say to me from now on is—the hell with you."

She went out the door, down the path, across the drive. That's the way you give a woman the gate. She'd bawled for Betty last night but she was numb now. Don't go home for dinner. Chimes pealed from the campanile. Half past six. It ought to be midnight. Had she only been in that house for half an hour?

She was walking fast. The campus was just one more street away. She came out under a corner light and started across. An automobile stopped with a squeal of brakes and somebody leaned out and called, "Hi, Toots! Wait, I want to talk to you."

Her nerves registered that this was the newspaperman who had taken her picture weeks ago—back in the untroubled time. But even before she recognized him she had turned and was running across the street, through the gates, into the campus, into the first building. She stopped and couldn't see anything. Then she could see, and she was in Philosophy Hall, and a janitor with two brooms under his arm was glaring at her.

THE dean's note had said "any time after four," and Alexander Cornish found him at his desk in University Hall, looking very fragile and reading the afternoon papers. Alec had read them too: the university's bills had been reported out of committee but debate on them had been postponed, for one of Mayor Zimmerman's legislators had introduced a resolution calling on the trustees to hold a formal investigation of President Bradford on the ground of inefficiency and malfeasance in office.

Dean Hannan put the papers away and smiled plaintively. "You're too young to remember livery stables. Forty years ago I was a stableboy. That experience is very useful and sustaining these days."

"Can they possibly force an investigation?" Alec asked.

"Oh, no," the dean sniffed. "Just a political maneuver. Just parliamentary scandal aimed at our bills." He peered at Alec over his half-moon glasses and said, "I hope you've reconsidered about the McNair Professorship?"

Alec had supposed that was behind the dean's note. He shook his head. "I'm sorry. The flattery still amazes me. But I still have to say no."

"It's a distinguished chair. I've wondered if you had some personal reason."

Mild, gentle, fatherly eyes—with an authority that was not in the least mild. Oliver Hannan began to talk wanderingly about the government service, college life, the prairie climate. He told stories well and presently he told one about Susanna Bradford's indiscreet remark to the wife of an assistant dean. Alec looked at him sharply, but the dean moved on to the time when he had confused the recipients of two honorary degrees. He chuckled and took his glasses off and sprung them till Alec was sure they must break.

HE STOOD up, apologizing: "Students have to listen to me—you needn't. I'm sorry you won't work for us, my boy. Don't make up your mind quite yet." Alec began to protest but the dean said. "We will hold that vacancy till you've left Morrison for good." He marched to the door, tiny at Alec's side, and rubbed his coat out of shape against the jamb. He said, his eyes drowsy, "I've been a widower twenty-five years—and childless. Susanna has been almost my own daughter."

So! Unquestionably Alec was supposed to say something. Unquestionably Dean Hannan knew something or wanted to know something. Alec said bluntly, "You've been very kind to me, Dean Hannan. You must forgive me for trespassing on your kindness—I want you to tell me about Carl Gilson."

The dean looked sleepy. "My boy, even the most garrulous dean has never learned how to talk. A dean is a patient man who is always hopefully listening to people."

"I listen too," Alec said heatedly. "I wish I knew how much to believe of what I hear. I've run into him before and heard much the same things." He plunged, "Listening the way a dean does, have you heard anything to indicate he's a psychopathic case?"

Dean Hannan said delicately, "No. I've heard many things but not that." He sighed. "It wouldn't be true—wouldn't fit the facts. It would be wide of the mark."

"He's got a violent temper," Alec said. "He half killed a colleague at Cornell. There's some kind of devil in him—some drive, some urge that's far from normal. He gives off some kind of—oh, some unpleasant kind of light."

"He gives off something. I shouldn't have called it a light." The dean rolled happily against the door. "No, Alec, he's not mad. The dean of liberal arts would have an easier job if he were." He seemed to come to himself with a start. "How the senile gossip! Come to see me any time. I'm a good listener."

Some information had been given him, but Alec could not make out what it was. Suddenly the dean was smiling and holding out his hand. "Goodby, my boy. There is nothing I would not do for

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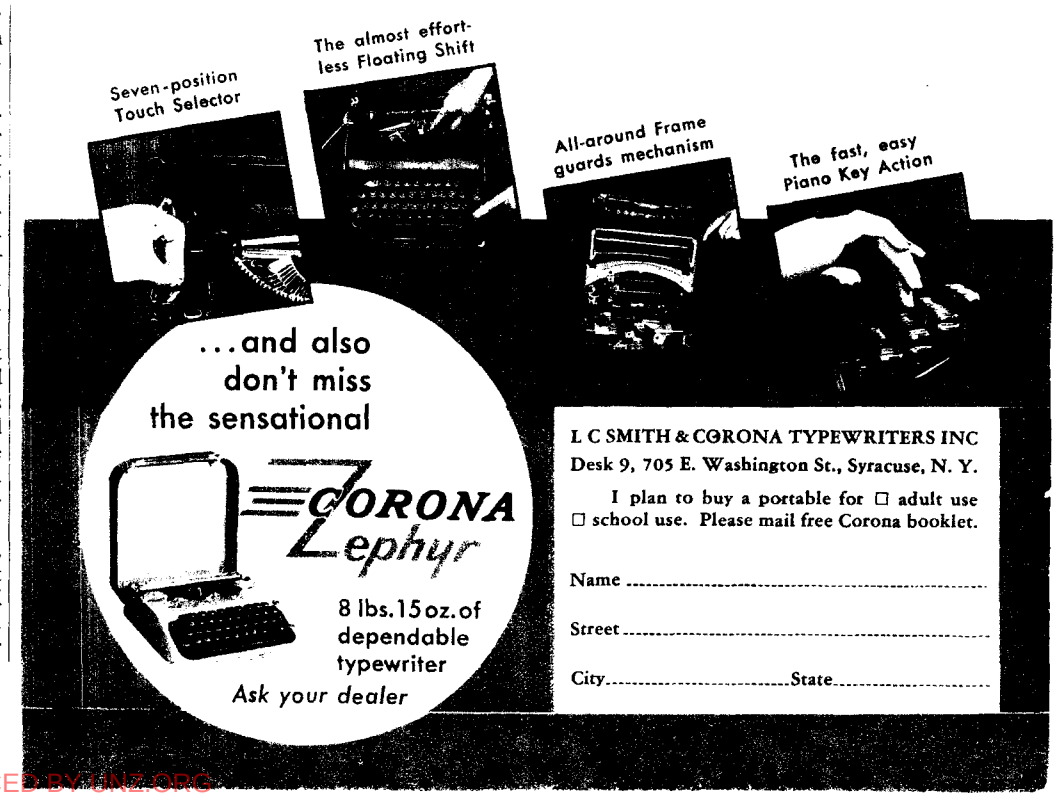
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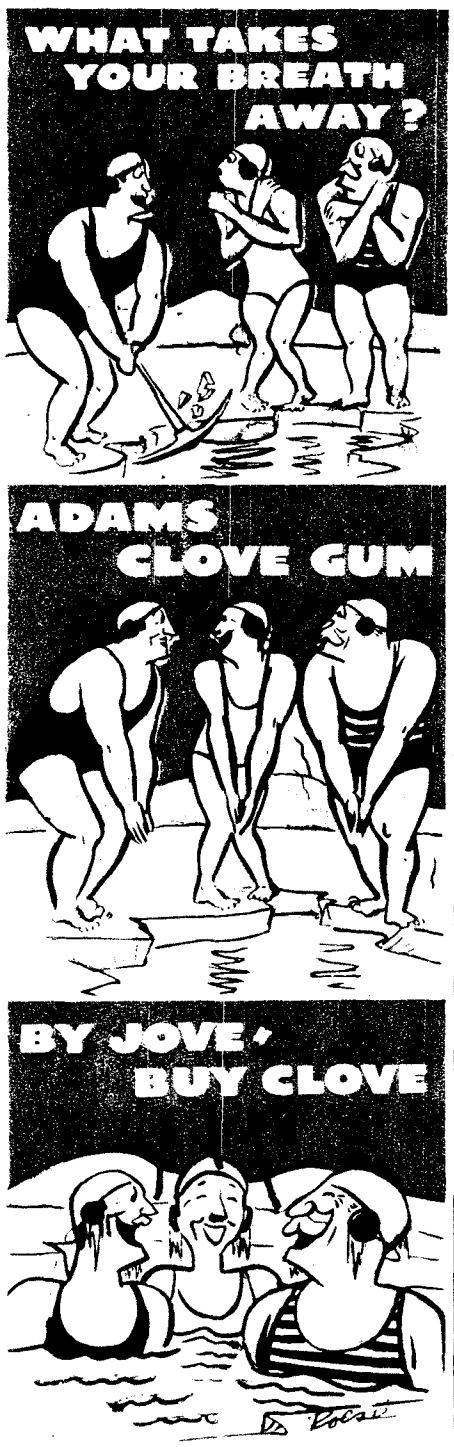

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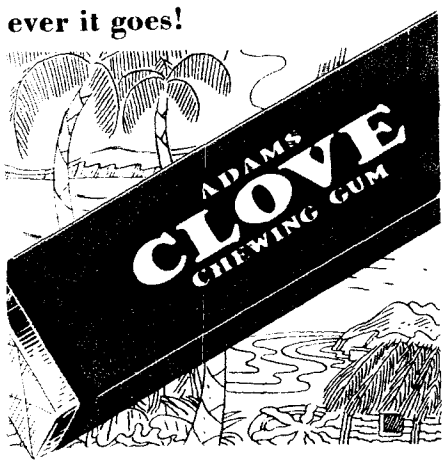

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Susanna." He took Alec's black scowl sunnily, a statuette of innocence and guileless pleasure. "The president," he said casually, "has been wholly unable to determine who it is on the faculty that tips off Henry Zimmerman to what goes on behind the college doors. Goodby, Alexander."

Campus windows bloomed yellow against the winter dusk. Stephen Bradford's University, with this arctic air scented with wood smoke, would have been a pleasant place for a man to spend his life in if it had not been for Stephen Bradford's daughter. What had the dean said about her? Certainly that her intimacy with Gilson alarmed him—and the dean could not know how far it had gone. Not, Alec thought savagely, not that I know. He had said that he suspected Gilson of trading with the enemy. He had said that if Alec Cornish learned anything it would be listened to. He had not said whether the college was trying, as Emery had heard, to get rid of its brilliant sociologist. Or had he?

HE HAD nothing to tell Suzanne: he had learned nothing and done nothing that would ease her distress. There was no reason for him to be going to this big house tonight—or any other night. But he was going. . . . It was a relic of a more formal day, with high-ceilinged rooms splendidly proportioned. A Japanese houseboy took his name and presently led him to an upstairs sitting room where a fire was burning and where Suzanne came to give him her hand as unaffectedly, and as remotely, as if this were his first call at a Smith dormitory.

In that first moment it was clear that the visit was a mistake. At nineteen Suzanne's beauty had been that of a girl delicately and subtly fashioned, high-spirited, with an eager arrogance. Six years had matured that harmonious body with subtle emphasis, had etched melancholy on that remembered face.

Firelight and perhaps another warmth softened her face now, and she had decked that remembered body in a dress that shortened his breath in admiration—an infinitely feminine garment of stiff white silk with a band of bright crimson down the front and around the hem. She stormed the senses like a full-bodied wine and no man could look at her unshaken, least of all one who had forfeited all this.

Yes, it was a mistake to come. Having done and said so much that could never be repaired, he was certain to find a way of saying more. His impulse was to turn and run . . . and no one could have left.

"No news, Suzanne," he answered the question in her eyes. "I haven't got any justification for coming. How many pledges have I taken not to?"

"I've forgotten the pledges. . . . Haven't you learned anything about my—the newspapers call them poison-pen notes, don't they?"

"I've wasted the time of a lot of people. I've learned all the law says about conspiracy and intimidation. But that's all I've learned. Oh, like any amateur detective I've invented two suspects—and proved I was wrong about them."

THE houseboy brought tea and liquors, and Alec was impaled upon a miserable irony—to be her casual guest, to sit and talk and look at her like any acquaintance she had to be gracious to!

She put away a cup of tea untasted. "My father is in and out of town—pounds underweight and no sleep at all. He says the capitol is a shrieking hive of intrigue. Alec, I can't help thinking—whatever those letters are leading up to, it will happen soon now—while this dogfight in the legislature is at its worst."

That had come to be his feeling too: they came at too convenient a time not to have some relation to that dogfight. He damned himself for stupidity and inaction. "Has Gilson any ideas about them?" he asked abruptly.

"Very little. We haven't talked about them much." A bright stain spread across her cheeks.

He narrowly escaped the precipice of demanding to know what terms she was on with Gilson. The letters were a wholly different problem—and they were her problem. Once he had settled that menace, he would find some way of dealing with Gilson. But how? There was no way—for him. Whoever might denounce Carl Gilson to Susanna, Alec Cornish was forbidden to by all the past and all the present. *Forever hold his peace.*

"Hasn't he even made guesses about them? He must have!"

Suzanne raised a red sandal from that opulence of skirt and stared at its toe. "So many people are his enemies! By now you must know how few friends he has at Morrison. How can we guess?" Somber blue eyes turned upward from the slipper. "You're one of his enemies, of course. I don't know why you hate him, but I know you do."

"I've barely met him—and that was three years ago."

Disbelief showed in her eyes, and he rejoiced—for clearly Gilson had said otherwise, had talked about Alec, and something might come of that! But Suzanne drooped in her chair, saying miserably, "I can't stand not knowing. I feel as if some obscene eye was always watching me. Alec, Alec, we've got to find out what it is!"

"You can stand what you've got to stand," he said gently. "I'm a dull instrument but you've chosen to use me rather than the police . . . Don't be any more afraid than you need be, Suzanne, and trust me. I've taken the job—and I'll finish it."

Suzanne stirred again and clasped her hands behind her head, lying back in her chair, taut with unspoken bitterness. "It's a strange feeling, Alec," she said, "to be talking about you with people who think you're only someone I met for the first time at Dean Hannan's tea. For six years I never heard your name."

"Remember that I'm hearing your name too for the first time in six years."

"It's strangest of all with Father. Yesterday he forgot politics long enough to mention you. And there I was sitting opposite him at dinner—the attentive daughter of a college president. Talking about you so casually, so unsuspectingly! What if I'd said to him, 'Once he was your son-in-law'?"

He was entering on dangerous ground! "What did he say?" Alec asked.

SHE gave him her eyes at last, troubled and contrite. "That the geology department is tremendously impressed by the work you're doing here and has offered you a professorship. And you've said no." Her breast rose with a long sigh. "Alec, it breaks my heart! How much that would have meant to you once!"

How much, once, to both of them! But his damnation was deep enough without recalling those long-shared and now long-vanished dreams. He lifted a shoulder in a half-shamed, half-deprecating shrug.

"What were you doing all those years?" she demanded. "Where did you go? How did you feel? How did you feel about me? I hated you so I've never let myself wonder till now." She sat up straight, urgency written on her face, and incredibly said, "It tortures me to think of the women you've made love to!" and rushed on to ask, even more incredibly, "Did you come here because you were sent or because I was here?"

It called for whatever honesty could survive the fire she had freed in him. "I sent myself," he said hoarsely. "I was the best man for this particular job but I could have sent others who could have done it. I could come or—not come. So I came."

"Why did you?" She was on her feet now. "That broke it open again. I had forgotten everything—I was healed." One of her hands clenched and moved. "That's a lie! Nothing was right before you came. Am I never to know what is right? Even now? Even—"

"I came," he said, "because nobody can lose the whole world without hoping there's some way to get it back. I had to know about you. Do you think a man gets over being in love with you?"

It was going hard with him—and her face had been drained of color. "Here it is," she said, "the old, dreary circle—hurting each other and no way out. We were born to bring each other trouble. You mustn't stay at Morrison, Alec."

He was striking one palm with his doubled fist, over and over. "What made us hurt each other was our damned young pride, our damned young obstinacy and intolerance. That wrecked a marriage there was no need to wreck. Well, it has been knocked out of us. You learn when the truth is beaten into you with a club. God, how you learn!"

". . . ever since he went to that movie in Ketchikan"

MC GOWAN MILLER

"You learn too late!" Her voice was blurred by tears and, standing by the fire, she was more beautiful than she had ever been. "It's always too late with us. Why didn't we learn the first time we ever quarreled?"

"It isn't too late! If it can drag me here, against all my pride, after six years—"

"It is!" Tension went out of her. "We've learned too much, Alec—and too well. All that wretched quarreling, all that blind cruelty and helpless loathing—they would always be between us, always and forever. Nobody can make a successful marriage out of one that's ruined. That's what we've learned. . . . We had our chance, Alec. We muffed it. We've learned that—that's what has been beaten into us with a club."

"Then," he said, "why were you glad when I kissed you the other night?"

She nodded, meeting his eyes square—oh, honest and shamed! "I was glad. . . . Yes, and if I've hated you for six years, I've never forgotten that I loved you like the very devil once. . . . We were two children who were in love,

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Alec—and ruined it and wasted it. When —when you kissed me, we were mourning those children. We can't go on mourning them. You can't go on kissing me—I can't go on liking it."

But he crossed ten feet of rug and she came into his arms—how many times, how long ago? Her lips were soft and frank. So for a moment that extinguished six years. . . . She stood away from him, covering her eyes and swaying a little, and leaned against a big chair as if no strength were left her. Then she was stone-cold and quiet, leaning against that scarlet chair in her white dress, and her voice was clear.

"Yes, there's that. Maybe there always will be—and we lost it. Alec, you should have been wise enough for two. You should never have let that Smith freshman go."

He managed to say, "I came here because I know that. I'm never going to."

"You see," she said with tranquil sadness, "that's the small part of me that remembers. It has got to be put away. There's no mending what has once been broken, Alec. So—you won't be kissing me any more. I won't be feeling glad you did."

She came away from the chair to face him. "I'm not in love with you, Alec—I'm only troubled sometimes by remembering that I used to be. I'm in love with . . . Carl. I told him, yesterday, that I'd marry him. I'm going to."

TWO more rehearsals and then the opening. Tonight they were doing the second act with the orchestra and with all the props, costumes, and sets. When Julie came in Betty saw at once that she was calm again. They had talked desperately almost till morning, they had had passages of blind panic, they had worn themselves out guessing and probing. Then Julie had gone to a late class and hadn't showed up again. Now she wouldn't say a word and her composure was more frightening than her hysterics had been. She applied make-up so lavishly that no one could detect the ravages in her face; she went out and threw herself into the job. As Julie went so went the show, and she was going like a four-alarm fire.

At one pause Jumbo said, "I don't get it—creeping paralysis last night and Marilyn Miller in person tonight. Who built a fire under you, Lomax?" Julie said. "All I want is for you to die," and Jumbo said, "Keep this up and I'll die of shock."

Afterward she wouldn't listen to anything. She jerked away from Betty's solicitude, answered questions in monosyllables, looked hard and empty. Finally, she said, "I've tried talking, I've tried bawling, I've tried using my head. Now I am going to try shutting up. Perry asked me to have some fun tonight and I'm going to if it kills me."

From blind terror of that threatening note to complete disregard of it, from shame to apathy, from heartbreak to fatalism — and all this between two o'clock and seven-thirty. She went out on noisy heels and Betty could guess as much as she liked about the cause. Suddenly she was limp and exhausted. For one night anyway she wasn't going to worry about Julie Lomax. Julie would live through it till morning.

A high wind was blowing and she wasn't going to warm her ankles at the heater in Emery's coupé, for the coupé wasn't parked outside the theater and Emery wasn't waiting for her. She hadn't seen him since the T O dance. She tramped across the campus toward the Women's Quadrangle feeling angry at Emery and angrier at herself.

What ails you, she told herself in the mirror, is that you're looking for some adoration. And there's too much Schulz, Indiana, in your shape and your color scheme and your disposition. If you want to be adored don't be a redhead, don't be the dreadfully-good-sport type that men like to buy sandwiches for—be a blonde and get some caprices. She went to bed. She turned on the light and tried to read. That proved to be another worthless idea, and now she saw that it was half past twelve and instantly she began to be afraid that something had happened to Julie.

Her door opened and Nancy Dean's head came through it. "This is an unholy hour for a man to be wanting you on the telephone. Nice that it was me getting kissed at the door, and not Hortense."

There was some wild hope that it might be Emery but it was only Perry Henderson, and he was dithering. "You got to sneak Julie upstairs without anyone seeing. I'll be at the curb in five minutes."

"What's the matter?"

He was barely whispering. "Well, it seems she took a couple of drinks."

Greatly relieved, she fumbled in the coat closet till she found galoshes and a fur coat. She crouched by the door in darkness till she saw his car. Perry was apologetic and frightfully disturbed. "Wouldn't have had this happen for the world! Gosh, I thought she could take a little liquor. You know yourself she could get campused if anyone saw her." The wild incongruity of such a threat, considering the terror that Julie lived in, almost made Betty explode. The irony communicated itself to the inert heap in the car, for Julie giggled. "I bet the dean of women would call it sin." Perry said, "See! She's been making a holy show of herself. She laughs like a fool and she bawls like a fool. Gosh, I'm crazy about her but what do you do when they bawl?"

Betty said, "Just vanish before someone looks out of a window."

Julie got out. "I'm not tight. I'm just Pagliacci. Or you know who—the damaged heart. Look, Perry, here's a Gamma in pajamas! Isn't she darling!"

"Beat it, Perry," Betty said. "She's all right. Sure, we both love her."

It was a perilous and ridiculous and pitiful trip upstairs that seemed to take hours, with Julie getting gay impulses to wake people up and wondering whom you could scare if you screamed. Betty succeeded in suppressing her but, once in the room, was appalled by the grief and defiance in her face.

SHE took Julie's hat and coat and jacket and stooped down to untie her shoes. Julie snorted, "My Red Cross girl! Gamma's loyal womanhood! You shield the wayward sister, don't you, dear? Bring the erring little feet back to the right path."

Betty took hold of the green sweater. "This comes off over the head. Just concentrate on it."

"Nobody can look tragic in her pants." Julie owlishly studied herself in the mirror and began to declaim, "Just remember I'm somebody's daughter, dear, and a man was the cause of it all. The book says you've got to get tight when your heart breaks, and my trouble is I get tight too damn' easy. Oh!—" her face crumpled and she threw herself on the bed, sobbing terribly, her arms twisting, her feet beating up and down. "Betty, I can't stand it. I hurt like hell. I can't take it, I can't! I want to die!"

But after a while Betty got her quieted and she fell asleep. Next morning she woke in a tearing rage. "Don't pray over me, don't preach any sermons. I can take care of myself if you just won't go holy on me."

That made Betty mad too. And there was a great and welcome relief in being mad, in not dissolving in pity and distress as she had for what seemed like years. "I'd think three times before I gave you an aspirin," she said. Julie

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —By Rudolph Dirks

HIMMEL! DISS STUFF OXPLODES!
I VARNED YOU TO STOP DOT DOSING! NOW MIGHT BE YOU EAT DER NICE, CRISP KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EFFERY MORNING!
YEP, EAT IT EFFERY DAY UND DRINK LOTS OF VATER-UND EFFERYTING VILL BE CHUST FINE!
MAMMA, IT'S GOOD!
SOME TIME LATER
FIRE AWAY, MY HEARTIES! DERE'S NO MORE USE FOR 'EM SINCE VE CHOINED UP MIT DER ALL-BRAN REGULARS!
R. DIRKS

IF you are troubled with common constipation, here's some common-sense advice. This difficulty is usually due to lack of *"bulk"* in the diet. So why not get at its *cause?* Instead of taking emergency medicines, eat a natural *bulk-producing* food—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran also contains nature's great intestinal tonic, vitamin B_1. Eat it every *day,* drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"!

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

A Natural Laxative Cereal

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swept down to breakfast and was thoroughly disagreeable to everybody. She gathered an armful of books and this must be the first time she'd gone to a nine-o'clock class since the Foibles rehearsals started. Mystified but relieved, Betty went about her own affairs.

She had the whole afternoon free and she needed it. The Foibles would be over for good in just one more week, but it was a fair question whether that wouldn't be too late. Dismayed by all the work that had piled up, she got busy. She had been hard at it for over two hours when Julie came in, carrying a big cardboard box. She didn't say anything, and, watching her obliquely, Betty kept silent. What that box contained was—oh, good Lord!—more new clothes. This time it was a suit of unimaginably fine terra-cotta-colored suède.

Silent, intent on the job at hand, she stripped to the buff and got dressed again in the best things she had. She put on the new suit and a new blue silk shirt that went with it. She tried various shoes and finally decided on brown pumps. Completely refurnished, she gazed at the long mirror—college blonde at the height of the mode—obviously approving what she saw. It was worth approval.

SHE sat down, crossed her legs, and said evenly, "I guess I wanted to know that I still look pretty good. You think you're going to die, so you go buy some clothes and forget about it. . . . You can stop worrying about me. I was just showing off, last night. I won't any more. No more tears, no more bellyaching, no more big acts."

Betty put down her book to search that carefully made-up face. It was tired and sad but no longer pitiful. "So what happened yesterday?"

Julie's mouth quivered but strengthened at once. "Just the discarded-woman scene. I thought I could be a heroine and found out I was just a boob. I went to see Carl simply sweating self-sacrifice but sure he'd grab me and say it's us great lovers against the world. But it was his chance to run out on me and he took it."

"Are you still in love with him?"

"Up to five-thirty yesterday that was the palest word. By six o'clock I wouldn't have cared if somebody shot him. That's where I stand now. The hell with him."

"What did he say about that letter?"

"Hardly anything. It was a chance to unload the easy mark that bored him by now. He jumped at it. He set up an all-time record for the standing broad jump."

Merely mentioning it brought fear flooding back, and that desperate feeling of yesterday that something must be done at once. And now Julie did not even have the support of Carl Gilson. "Who could possibly have found out about you?" Betty said. "Who's got it in for you? Either of you. Who could be spying on you?"

Julie's mouth twisted. "He must have laughed about me all over Morrison. I'm a joke he'd have to let people in on. But if any of my predecessors had it in for me, that must be okay now. I'm somebody else's predecessor. We must be quite a club."

She was Susanna Bradford's predecessor but there was no need to tell her that. Betty's reawakened tumult made clear that what she had wanted to do yesterday had to be done. No use to deny it—Emery and Alec Cornish were right and something terrible was happening and they had to know about that letter. How could she convince Julie?

"Julie," she said, "you don't think I'm either dumb or prying, do you?"

"You're a white woman. Nobody was ever as decent as you are."

"Well—look, maybe that letter doesn't scare you any more but it scares me. There are two people I've got to tell about it. I've got to show it to them."

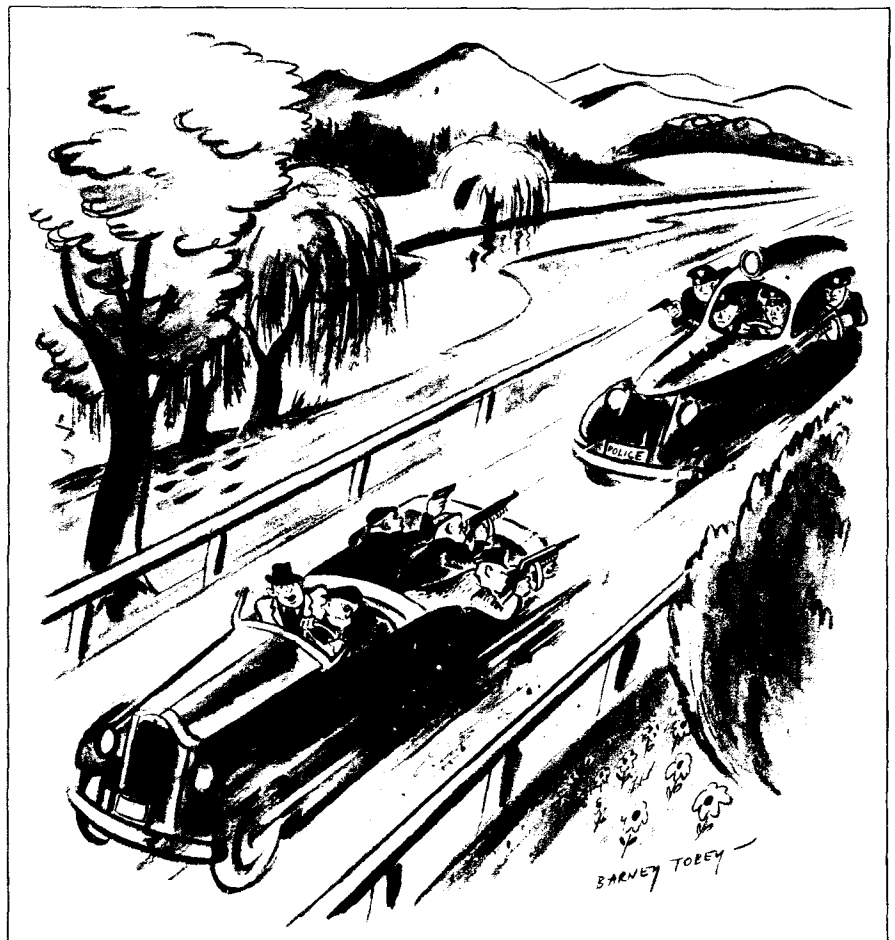
"Oh, no!" Julie turned white. "Who? It kills me to be talked about!" She stopped short, shrugged, turned to the mirror and fussed with that marvelous suit till it hung just right. She turned back again. "The boob always gets talked about. Everybody at Morrison except you has been talking about me. I don't know what's on your mind—I don't care. Do what you want." She got the letter from her handbag. "Just make it clear that I've stopped being a boob. Well, about Carl Gilson, anyway."

Betty tramped across the campus toward the Daily in diminishing twilight, scornful and fearful, and wondering whether part of her zeal might not rest on other grounds. If they won't come to see you, you'll find good reasons to hunt them up—is that maidenly, is that Gamma's ideal womanhood? Emery was in his office, discussing something with Guy Johnson. But he said, "Fade, . . . Come on—we're going to pay a call on Alec."

So it was beginning—to what dreadful end? In the coupé she turned stubborn. Emery didn't have a thought for her, he wasn't even aware that she was with him. Well, do you want him to stop the car and get all shy and tell you you're simply wonderful? Since you ask me, yes—that would be a very pleasant thing to happen. Come right down to it, that would be grand. It won't happen. He's the sheriff of Red Dog hot on the trail of the bandits. You know sheriffs never get shy and tender.

BETWEEN being scared by the errand and furious at herself and impatient with Emery she was in a blistering mood by the time they reached the little shack. But she got no time to indulge it, for Emery plunged right into the middle of things before Alec Cornish had finished welcoming them.

"Yeah, we're jolly people," Emery said, "and you're glad to see us, and will



"We must come this way again some time, when we ain't in such a hurry"

BARNEY TOBEY

Johnson, this is bigger news than anything you've got in type," and stood up urging him out, closed the door behind him, and seized her hand. "When bigger fools are born, E. Smith will be all of them. I've been trying to write apologies. I can't make my words behave."

"I'm doing the apologizing," she said. "To Nero Wolfe. I said you were seeing things. You weren't. This came for Julie in the mail day before yesterday." She flung the letter on his desk and her heart began to thump.

EMERY read it over and over. He didn't look sleepy at this moment—why, Emery was formidable! She could hardly get her breath. "Julie got this in the mail, huh? You don't know who wrote it? She don't know?"

"Oh, I wrote it!" she said angrily. "How could we possibly know?"

"Somebody writes letters to Julie!" Emery nodded. "It fits in—and how! So Alec Cornish goes round collecting Bill Snelling's autograph and wanting Julie's. we have a drink? Some other time. This is the local chapter of Amalgamated Old Sleuths coming to make a deal. This time we're all going to get confidential and be pals." Emery was trying not to look excited, but by now she knew what it meant when his eyes were drowsy.

"Oh?" At once that complete concentration she had seen before showed in Alec. She thought, I'd hate to be the one he decided to go after. "Well, get confidential, Emery. What have you found out?"

"How about this?" The green desk lamp slanted a beam across Emery and left the lower half of him in shadow. He leaned forward, as intent as Alec. "Somebody that doesn't sign his name has been writing letters to Miss Bradford. Not nice letters."

It was as if a switch had been thrown in Alec Cornish, he was instantly so hostile. The fire died just as quickly but Betty knew that Emery had told the truth. A terrible cold fear took possession of her. Somebody writing vilely to Susanna. Somebody writing vilely to Julie. Emery's long concern about Julie—the Foibles rehearsals and those pictures—Emery's wrath about the Tetlow Inn and his suspicion of the reporter Snelling. Alec's repeated questions about Julie—and Dr. Gilson—and meeting Susanna and Gilson that night—and the headlines screaming about Susanna's father.

She got colder and colder. It was true and Emery had been right—something dark and evil and ghastly was going on. Why didn't they tell her? Why didn't they stop it? . . . But—but she knew things that they didn't, things they must know! And like a fool, like a willful child, she had been too noble to tell!

Alec's face was circumspect. "Is that a guess, Emery?"

"I didn't guess it—I worked it out," Emery said curtly. "And I've got something you can't laugh off. This time we throw in together, maybe."

Alec nodded. "Maybe we'd better. You're right in your deduction. Somebody has been writing anonymous threats to Miss Bradford. I've been trying to find out who."

"Sure. You got awful interested in Bill Snelling's handwriting and you wanted a look at Julie's. I work out it isn't either of them who's been writing."

"You work out a lot. What do you work it out from?"

She had to tell them—now! They'd be guessing and arguing their heads off and they didn't know the most important thing of all. She had told Julie it would have to be said—but how could she say it? Her stomach writhed and writhed. She gasped.

"I'm in this too," she said shakily, forlornly. "I wish I'd never been born! You've both kept asking me about Julie. I haven't heard anything else for months. Well, it's true, the answer is—yes, she is. She and Dr. Gilson. They were—lovers. Up to yesterday. Now they aren't."

SO AT last she was crying. At least she sobbed once and couldn't see anything clearly. Emery turned on her angrily, "All these weeks and you wouldn't tell me—"

"I couldn't! How could I? But it's true."

But Alec had the good sense, the sense that Emery couldn't possibly have, to take her hand and put an arm round her. "You didn't need to tell me, Betty. I know him."

"They aren't now," she said wearily, winking the tears away. "He threw her over. Yesterday. It breaks me all up. I wish someone would kill him."

"Yesterday, huh?" Emery wasn't trying not to look excited now. "And it was day before yesterday she got this." He took the letter from his pocket and waved it at Alec. "This is what I work things out from. Julie got this in the mail day before yesterday. So that's two people that get letters."

"Three," Alec said and snatched it from him. Spellbound, Betty watched that terrible alertness grow deadlier still while he read it. Oh, it would go hard with anyone that Alec Cornish went out to battle with!

He looked up, his eyes cold fire. "Same paper, same writing, same threats." Triumph broke out in his face. "This is our night! We're on top at last. I know who wrote those letters."

"Who wrote them?" Emery said.

Alec's triumph had faded and his face was stern again. "There's still something terribly wrong," he said quietly. "It makes less sense now than it did before, and it's anyone's guess who else is in it and how far it's meant to go. But—" his voice slowed, "why, yes, I'll tell you who wrote the letters. A maniac did it. But the new question is—is he one of the criminally insane?"

(To be continued next week)

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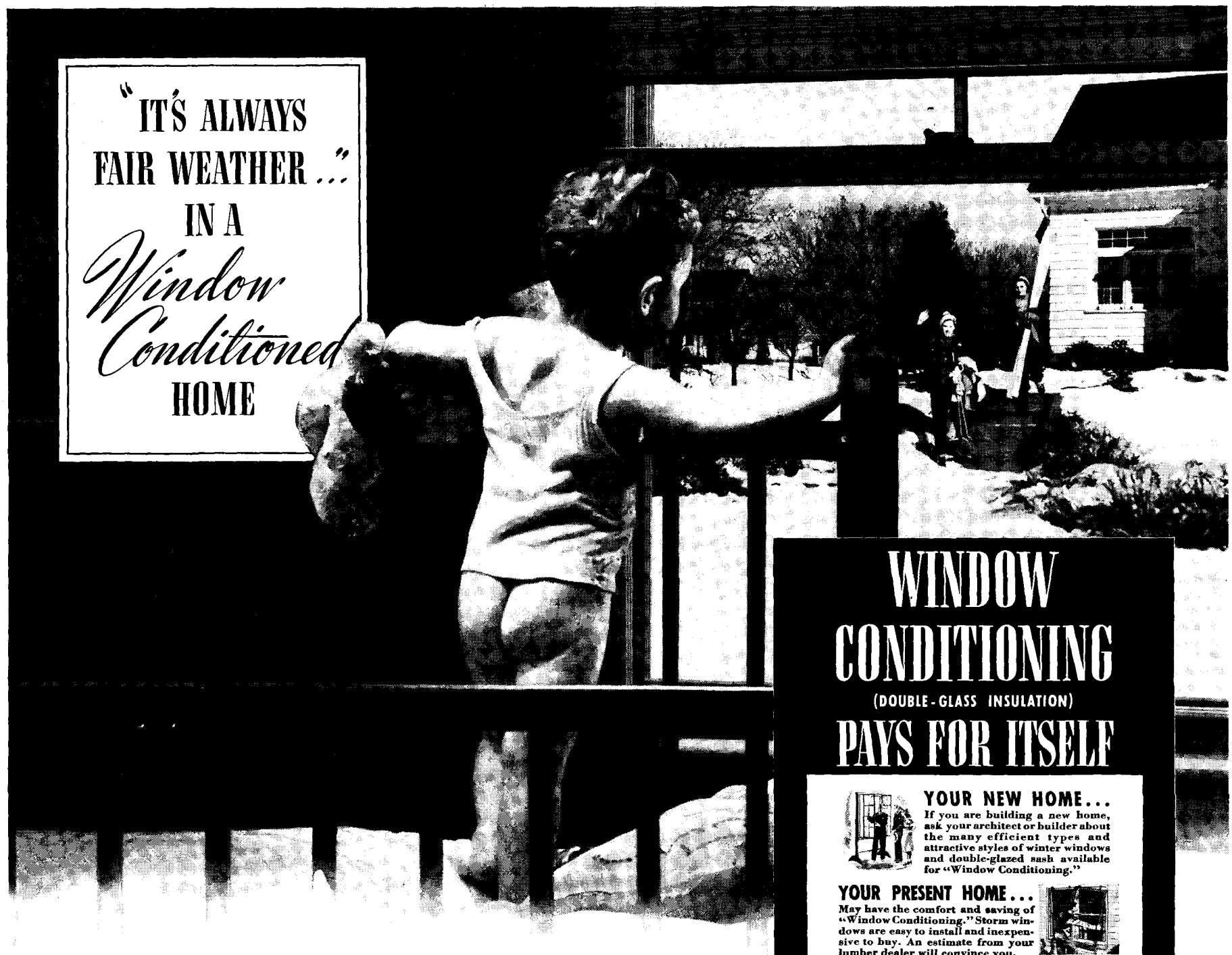

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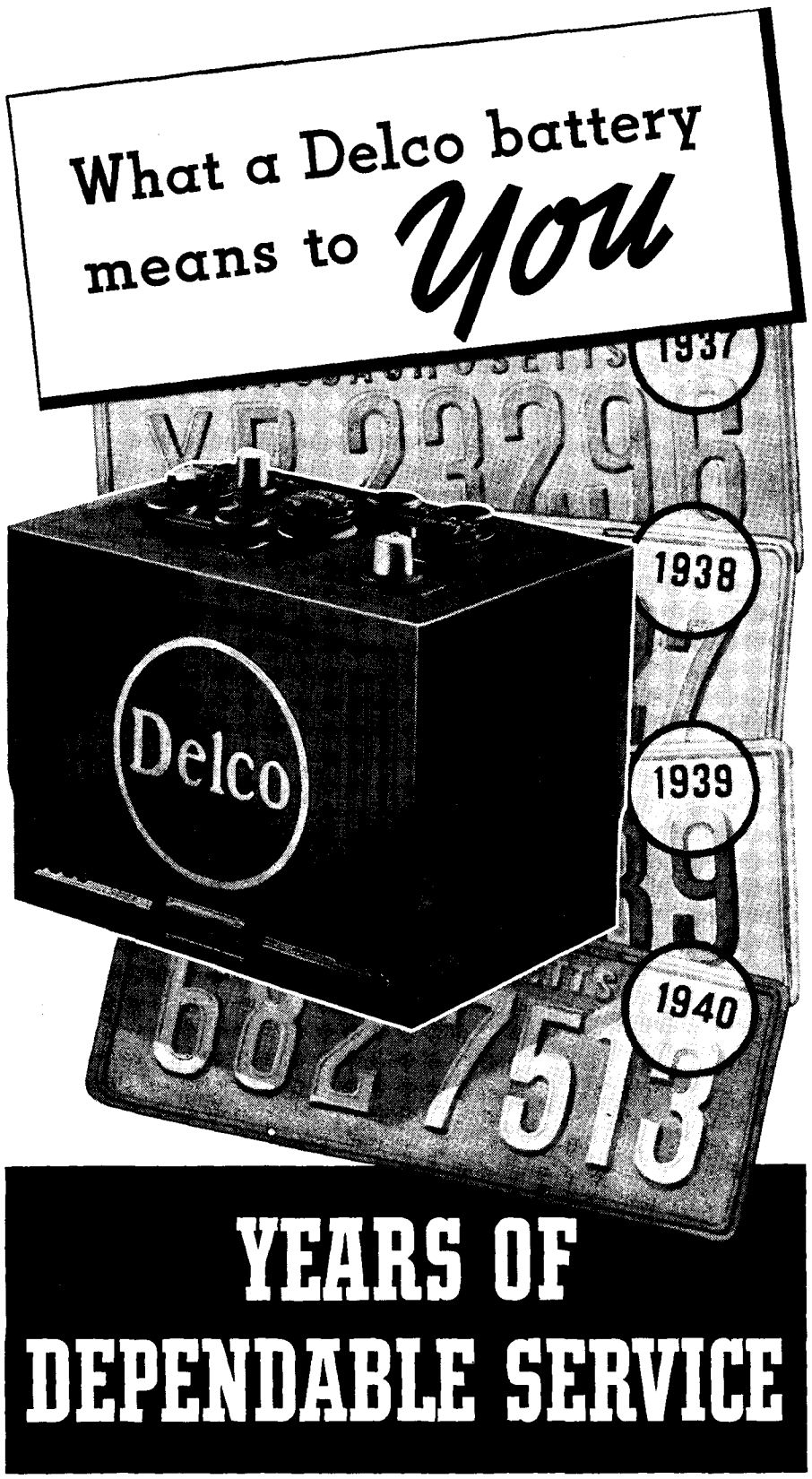

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Continued from page 14

into the cabin of a strato-liner you will be riding in his idea. Major Greene got the idea quite a few years ago, when fliers were going up in open cockpit affairs that looked like box kites, and he has been nursing it along ever since.

Basically, the idea was simply to build an airtight airplane that could fly in the substratosphere, where the air is thin and pressure is low. But, like most simple ideas, it took years to find out just what was needed. At first everybody thought the problem was merely to supply oxygen to the men who went up into the rarified air eight miles above the earth; and for nearly twenty years the Army Air Service worked on that problem—until they found they were on the wrong track!

Working Under Pressure

As early as 1920, Major Rudolph Schroeder climbed 38,180 feet in an open-cockpit Packard-Lepere biplane, using a tube to suck oxygen from a tank, but his eyeballs froze, his senses "blanked out" and he fell six miles before he pulled out of it and brought his plane safely to earth.

The next year John A. Macready, a young Army lieutenant at McCook Field, Ohio, decided to find the "absolute ceiling"—for man and machine. His experiment was particularly valuable, because he wrote a record of everything that happened. He had taped a leather oxygen mask to his face and smeared gelatin—his only "de-icing" equipment—over his goggles. At 35,000 feet the cold became so intense his goggles were coated with ice and his eyes began to freeze. At 39,000 feet he had passed Major Schroeder's mark and began to run into real trouble. His breath froze in the oxygen tube, clogging it with ice. He managed to tear off part of the tape on his face and shove in an emergency tube. He said every time he reached for something, he felt "dizzy and faint."

At 40,800 feet his plane bucked and refused to climb any higher. For five minutes it "swung and rolled in suspension" and Macready held it there, pitching and swaying in the icy air. Then, realizing he could go no farther, he pulled back the throttle and tipped the nose downward and "the bottom seemed to drop out of the plane as it went toward earth."

But it was the death of the Army balloonist, Captain Hawthorne C. Gray, that brought home the real problem in high-altitude flying. Gray went up more than six miles in a balloon from Belleville, Illinois, in November, 1927, and died up there because his oxygen tube slipped from his mouth and he was too numb and blind to pick it up again. That started Army engineers to thinking—particularly the persistent little major at Wright Field. "We knew we had to operate at high levels," Major Greene explained, "and we knew that it was up to us to find all the answers. It was too easy for men to die the way Gray did."

Why did they have to go up in the first place? There was not much to see, except a pastel-blue sky and an awful chasm below; and it doesn't sound like very good sport. The answer is that the best flying conditions to be found anywhere—smooth air, increased speed, few storms, no icing hazards, perfect radio reception—are above 25,000 feet. Although the Army does not make a practice of revealing any of the military uses it will make of "upper-level operation"—the official Army term for high flying—it is pretty obvious what the factors are. Bombers would have greater speed for approach and escape, and would also be comparatively free from antiaircraft fire in the upper levels. Modern antiaircraft guns have little "aim effectiveness" above 15,000 feet. A projectile requires from eighteen to twenty-five seconds, depending on the angle at which it is fired, to reach the 20,000-foot level, and in that time it is possible for the target to veer away from the trajectory of the shell.

Altitude flight tests showed that human beings begin to show the effects of thinning air at 10,000 feet. Above 15,000 feet there is a definite need for aid to respiration. At 28,000 feet the need for oxygen is acute, and for years it was supposed oxygen taken into the mouth by a tube or through a mask was sufficient. But at 35,000 feet other things begin to happen. The blood starts to "bubble." There is a certain amount of nitrogen in solution in the human blood at all times, and when outside pressure suddenly is reduced, the effect is like pulling a cork out of a champagne bottle. The nitrogen collects as particles of free gas in the blood stream, and these tiny bubbles may find their way to brain cells or into the spinal fluid, where they are likely to bring on convulsions, paralysis or even death. As the outside pressure decreases there is a "pull" on the surface of the body. Above 43,000 feet no human can think and act rationally and reliably in the open air, even with the use of oxygen. It became apparent that pressure, not oxygen, was the problem to be solved.

The first attempt to solve this problem was a contrivance known as a "pressure suit," a sort of supercharged pair of overalls, made airtight by the use of rubberized parachute silk, with an aluminum helmet. Oxygen was fed into the helmet and air pumped into the suit. Wiley Post brought one of these suits to Wright Field in 1934, and an emergency squad from the Dayton police department was called out, with pulmotor, axes and saws, to stand by ready to rescue Wiley if it became necessary during the pumping-up tests. He wore the suit on his first attempted "stratosphere flight" in 1935, and an interesting scene took place when he made a forced landing near a desert town in California. Post pancaked his plane on Muroc dry lake, walked out in his "Man from Mars" haberdashery and scared the California natives out of a few years' growth.

A Problem of Compression

It was obvious that the pressure suit, at best, would take care of only one person, and the Army engineers hardly cared to envision the spectacle of a crew of a bombing plane, clad in pumped-up stratosphere clothing, waddling around the inside of the ship attached by hoses to oxygen tanks and air blowers. So, while the fliers with their tin-can helmets and pumped-up clothing were pushing the "absolute ceiling" above 50,000 feet, the Air Corps went into action on the problem of building a nonleakable cabin that would maintain low-level pressure during high-level operation. Fortunately, at all altitudes the percentage of oxygen in the atmosphere is almost constant. The problem was to compress the air to low-level density.

It wasn't as easy as it sounds. Back in 1919 the Army Air Service had tried out the "pressure cabin" idea with a sealed tank in the cockpit of a De Haviland observation plane. Lieutenant Harold Harris went up in it, and when he came down his face, seen through

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the window of the tank, was streaming with perspiration and as red as a boiled lobster. He gestured frantically at the instrument panel. It showed a temperature of 150 degrees above zero and an "altitude" of 9,000 feet below sea level! The pressure control gadgets, Harris explained, had leaked.

Two other nations tried unsuccessfully to build a pressure cabin plane—France in 1932 and Belgium in 1936. The French plane, a Farman two-seater, went up 33,000 feet and started to come apart, and the Belgian plane, a 20-passenger Renard R-35, never completed its tests. The problems included "skin leaks" in the shell of the cabin, danger of the cabin blowing up under pressure, the difficulty of sealing doors, windows and holes through which control wires and rods must pass.

Outwitting the Elements

But finding answers to tricky aeronautical problems was Major Greene's dish. He had been at them ever since he joined the Army (in order to play hockey with the Seventh Regiment hockey team in New York) years before the war. He had initiated the design of the "monoplane wing" that was applied to the Martin bomber, which won the Collier Trophy in 1932. That wing revolutionized airplane building and ended the era of "kite" planes. If you look out of the window of any Boeing, Douglas or Lockheed sky-liner of today, you will see something of Major Greene's handiwork in the wing that is holding you up.

After doping out what was wanted, Major Greene went to Lieutenant Colonel Oliver P. Echols, chief engineer at Wright Field, and laid his plan before him. It was to build a hermetically sealed airplane that would enable passengers and crew to ride in the substratosphere with all the comforts of sea-level flying. Colonel Echols dug out an appropriation from the Air Corps allotment and Brigadier General A. W. Robins, of the material division, supplied laboratories. It was all in the day's work to the Air Corps—another routine problem to be solved—but Major Greene knew he had aviation history by the tail.

He called in Dr. John E. Younger of the University of California, who had worked with him years before designing the "monocoque," or shell-type cabin. Theoretically, their problem was to apply theories of air cooling and building heating that had been in use, in one way or another, ever since the first cave man began fanning himself in summer and building fires in his cave in winter. There is a pressure of about 14.7 pounds per square inch at sea level, and at 30,000 feet it is 4.4 pounds. By pumping air under pressure into the sealed cabin with a supercharger, or "blower," the pressure difference could be equalized. Then, by use of a pressure regulator and a discharge valve to let out the air, a constant supply of Grade-A sea-level air would flow into the cabin.

By the spring of 1937 they had completed the preliminary stuff, and were ready for the main event. The new plane had been ordered from the Lockheed plant at Burbank, California. It was similar to the Lockheed Electra but built according to Army specifications. The plane was ferried to Wright Field to be tested for leaks—and here Old Man Disaster seemed to have put another "X marks the spot" on the record of pressure-cabin flying.

As the big silver cocoon was pumped up, it began to hiss, then squeal like a thousand peanut whistles. Workmen silently edged toward the exits. Even Major Greene regarded his baby a bit gingerly. Then he ordered the pumping to stop and crawled inside the big metal shell—and signaled for the pumps to start again! The leaks were found and repaired.

By midsummer the XC-35 was ready for its maiden flight into the substratosphere. Captain Alfred H. Johnson, a veteran Army flier, was picked to fly it. There was even a "brain tester"—Dr. Harold G. Armstrong of the Wright Field physiological research laboratory—to test the effect of high flying on the minds of the pilot and crew. With Major Greene and four members of the crew huddled in the sealed cabin they took off—with a stack of oxygen bulbs standing between them and suffocation if things went wrong. At 12,000 feet the superchargers were turned on.

The plane climbed to 28,000 feet—still with no oxygen being used. Captain Johnson then swung it down and landed, completing the first substratosphere flight on record without using an ounce of oxygen. Tests were conducted throughout the summer and fall at all levels from the ground up to 33,000 feet.

On February 3, 1938, the XC-35 prepared to make its first "passenger flight." A take-off was scheduled from Chicago at midnight; the plane was bound for Bolling Field, near Pittsburgh, with Louis A. Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War, as the passenger—and the flight was to go regardless of weather, to prove that it could be done. Ten minutes after the take-off the big strato-liner ran into an electric storm so intense that it picked up a halo of sparks along the leading edge of the wing. Climbing at the rate of 300 feet a minute, the monoplane soared up to 22,000 feet and over the storm. Traveling through the night at a 200-mile clip, it roared toward Pittsburgh and landed at Bolling, completing a flight that would have been suicide for an ordinary air-liner traveling at ordinary flying levels.

At the conclusion of the tests, the Air Corps announced that the experiment was a success and that the strato-liner could be duplicated by any established commercial aircraft factory in the country. The Air Corps was then invited to submit its data to the Collier Trophy committee, headed by Major J. H. (Jimmy) Doolittle.

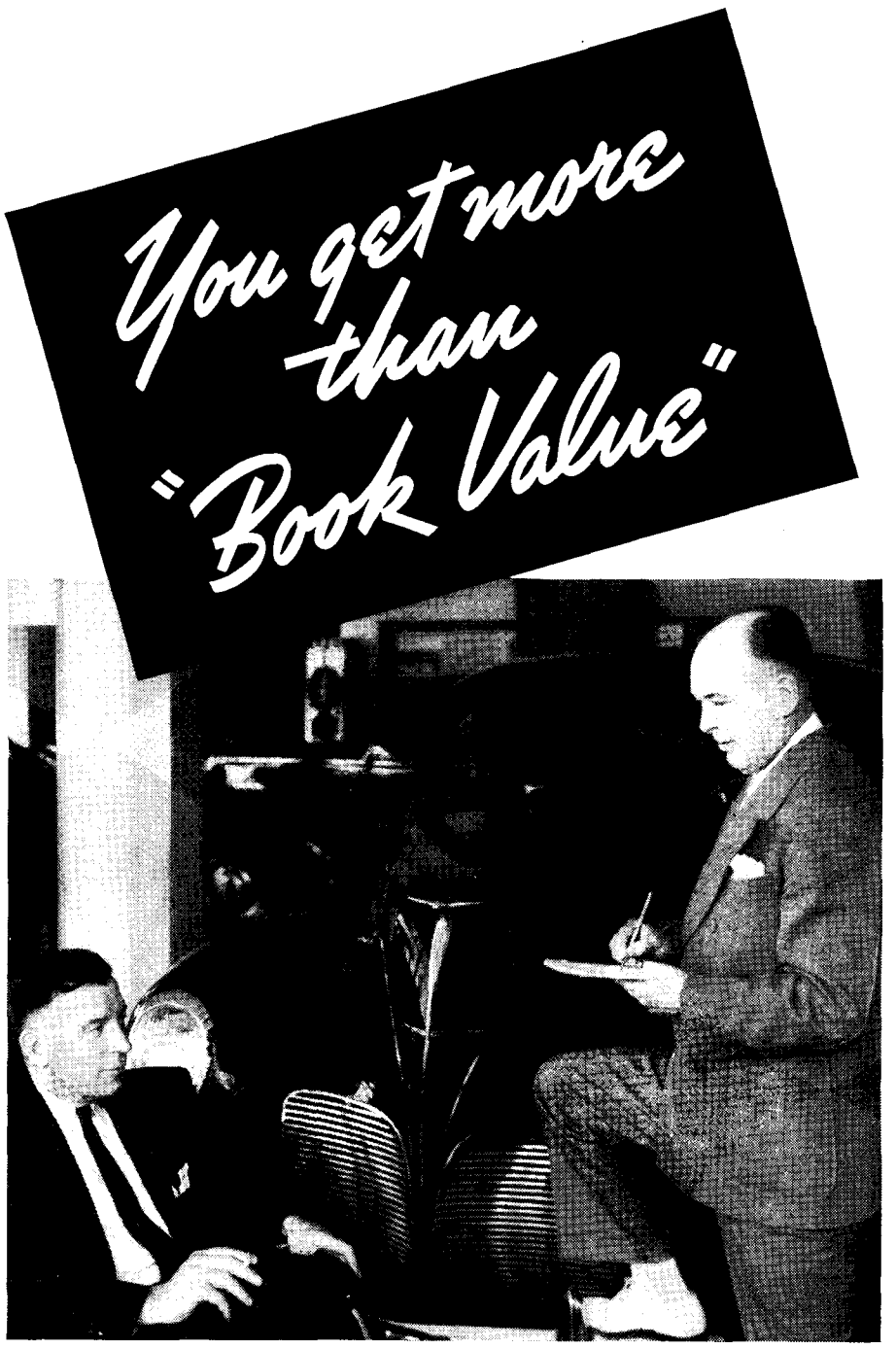
To a New Era of Flying

Major Greene was called before the committee to tell about the Army Air Corps' XC-35—and he began by forgetting his speech! He laid a bundle of data on the committee table and explained, with some embarrassment, that he had "prepared some notes, but forgot to bring them."

"Never mind that," Doolittle said with a grin. "We're pretty hard-boiled in here—we don't go in much for speeches."

Major Greene left the room feeling that he had failed. But the committee wasn't composed of oratorical experts. It was made up of air-minded men—Major J. H. Doolittle, Dr. George W. Lewis, director of aeronautical research for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; S. Paul Johnston, editor of Aviation; Leighton Rogers, president of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce; T. P. Wright; Henry B. Dupont; E. R. Stettinius, Jr.; William B. Mayo, and Edward P. Warner.

When the committee came out of the huddle, the men of the Army Air Corps had won the verdict. They had started out to solve a problem of military efficiency and turned in test results that pointed the way to a new era of flying. And they had, incidentally, vindicated the heroism of those early pioneers of the upper air who went up in box-kite flying machines, risking death or disablement in the cold and lifeless atmosphere of upper space, so that a later generation of engineers could solve their problem.



William H. Shea listens interestedly as Mr. G. C. Ryan, Vice-President of Northland Motor Sales, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota, explains the many advantages of Marfak lubrication

WHEN a dealer makes a trade-in offer on your car, he usually turns to the Used Car Guide for the official top price. Yet, time after time, cars kept in A-1 condition with Marfak bring better than "book" prices to their owners.

For Marfak is an especially effective lubricant, made with extra thick, viscous oils. Marfak is tough and protects twice as long as ordinary grease. Most important, it resists the corrosive and harmful actions of dust, temperature changes and moisture.

Here's what Mr. Ryan, pictured above, thinks of Marfak: "We're always glad to make an appraisal on a car that has been kept in excellent condition with Marfak. Good used cars always sell fast—we get our money back sooner—and the original owner often gets a much better price."

Let the experiences of dealers like Mr. Ryan help you solve your lubrication problem. Marfak, specially designed and specially applied by trained men, will give you lasting freedom from lubricating worries. Many extra and important operations are included in the Marfak service. The price is reasonable. See your Texaco Dealer today—he is waiting to serve you.

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"I surrender

-to a Barbasol Face"

THE old boy with the big bank balance may get quite a play from pretty young girls, but when it comes to serious business, a Barbasol Face marks the type of man that women prefer.

The reason is very simple—so simple, in fact, it's a wonder why any man persists in using old-fashioned shaving methods that tend to dry, tighten, wrinkle and age the skin.

For a Barbasol Face is a smoother, younger-looking face. The skin is softer, more supple and firm—more tempting to touch, and more attractive to see.

And the reason for this is very simple, too. Barbasol is a wonderful cream containing certain beneficial oils. Hence, it not only fixes the toughest beard for the quickest, cleanest shave you ever had, but also soothes the skin, leaving it soft and refreshed—never tight or dry, coarse or rough.

No matter how old or young you are, a ten days' trial with Barbasol will open your eyes to the merits of this modern shave. You'll be thankful for the perfect shave it gives—more thankful for the chance it gives the youth in your skin. The large tube 25¢. Giant tube 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Five scalpel-sharp Barbasol Blades for 15¢. At all drug stores.

For modern shaving

No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

"May God have Mercy on your Soul"

Continued from page 10

two exceptions, supposed interviews that have appeared have been unauthorized. The two, given newspaper writers whose judgment I had good reason to respect, dealt not with my work as executioner but with the so-called "human interest" phases of my life.

I have declined without a moment's consideration repugnant offers to appear on the stage after executions that followed the most sensational cases, such as those of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, Sacco and Vanzetti.

Anything for a News Beat

Two men sought me out during the latter phases of the Hauptmann case, after the Lindbergh kidnaper had been sentenced to die in the electric chair. They told me they represented a certain news syndicate. They sought to bargain with me—the payment, they said, would be considerable, almost anything I might demand—for what would have been on my part a trifling effort.

I would have had only to press a secretly installed electric button, or some such gadget, when Hauptmann entered the death chamber, again when he was seated in the chair, again when I threw the switch that sent him to eternity. But I considered it for not one second.

The newspaper reader who realizes the terrific competition of metropolitan newspapers on a big spot news story such as this will understand why such signals might have been worth a large sum of money. Approximately six minutes elapse between the time the condemned man enters the death chamber and the instant he is pronounced dead and the witnesses and reporters are free to leave. This particular newspaper and syndicate would have had at least a six-minute beat on the opposition.

But I'm an executioner, not a newspaperman.

About the same time, a man whose name and affiliation I did not learn managed in some way to reach my home by telephone.

"I have in my pocket a check for $10,000 made out to you, Mr. Elliott," he said, "and with that $10,000 in mind, I should like to talk with you regarding a service you can do the organization I represent, at no risk whatever to you or your reputation."

I told him that I was not interested, could not be interested and that for his own good I would advise him not to attempt to get in touch with me again. I hung up the receiver and did not hear further from him.

But as I sit here in my small home in Richmond Hill, Long Island—the home that was bombed by persons unknown on May 18, 1928—I reflect that I am no longer a young man. I believe my story deserves to be told, not by anyone else but myself. I want people to understand as does now my little granddaughter, Pat.

A man who watches men and women die learns things about them, and about life and death, that no one else can know. I have learned these things not casually as might the morbid person who is the usual volunteer witness of an execution. To him it's a show. He may gag, he may turn pale, he may groan or cry out as he sees the life suddenly depart from what had been a human being. But he must get a thrill or he wouldn't return for the second, third, fourth or tenth time, as he so often does.

I agree fully with Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison when he says that "I cannot imagine why anyone should want to see an execution unless he were compelled."

I have found that it is not an easy thing to watch men die. And when one's own right hand becomes the direct, the final agency that snuffs out a life as your hand, pressing a button, snuffs out the light of your reading lamp, you may be sure that it never becomes commonplace.

But I may say honestly—and I hope it will not be interpreted as the reaction of a calloused heart and mind—that I never have permitted myself to worry or to become distraught. The decision that a man's life is to end has been made by the commonwealth that has selected me to do this job. Humaneness demands now that it be done quickly, efficiently.

My home life has been that of any other average resident of my age in the little old-fashioned section of Richmond Hill where my wife and I raised our son and two daughters. Neighbors drop in to spend an evening at bridge as they do in your home. Some of them envy the success I have had with my roses and gladioli. I like to fish off Long Island and frequently do, with my son, Robert, and my two sons-in-law. As the grandchildren have come along—there are already six—one of my hobbies has been to make motion pictures of them at play.

We are members of the Van Wyck Avenue Congregational Church, and the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Frederick Reustle, is one of our good friends. He frequently drops in for a visit or sometimes for dinner when my wife prepares for him a feast of Boston baked beans.

Mine, you see, has been a prosaic and a pleasant life, save for the fact that I have been the executioner who has sent 370 persons to their deaths as this is written. That figure has been variously estimated at from 200 to 500 but never before accurately given.

A Religious Background

There was nothing in my happy boyhood to forecast the unusual or the grim. I was born at Hamlin, Monroe County, New York, on January 27, 1874. My father, Thomas Elliott, a native of County Cavan, Ireland, had come to America at thirty and had purchased a fruit farm in Monroe County. My mother, whose name was Martha Rowley, was born in Wayne County, New York. I was the fifth of six children.

During the Civil War, substantial prices for fruit and produce had made my father a fairly prosperous farmer, but postwar hard times wiped away the profits. Father died in 1881, and when Mother, not long afterward, found the management of the farm too much for her, I went to live with relatives. I worked hard for my keep as I grew older but was fortunate to be with people who cared well for me and who made my boyhood a happy one.

Always as a youth I was surrounded by religious influences. I had been named after a Methodist minister, Robert Greene. It was my mother's dearest ambition that I should become a minister. She died in 1902 and never knew of the twist of fate that was to make me an agent of death instead of life. I am thankful that she never knew, although I believe she would have understood.

Church in morning and evening, Sunday school in the afternoon, were invariable rules on my day of rest as a boy and young man. Especially was that true during the six years I spent in the home of Nelson and Lydia Garlock, cousins of my mother.

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Herbert Terrell, an older farm hand who worked for Mr. Garlock, had been a telegraph operator. He told me about electricity and its wonders.

"It's going to be the most remarkable power that men ever worked with," he would say. "It's wonderful enough that we can send messages with it and that it can be used for light. But that's only the beginning."

There was no school in the vicinity where I could learn about electricity except the Brockport Normal, which, of course, was primarily for the training of teachers. My preparatory training was scant but I managed to enter the Normal School at sixteen and spent most of three years there, ostensibly as a prospective teacher. But I was absorbed in physics as it related to electricity far more than might have been wise for a young man actually training to be a teacher.

At nineteen, I went to work for the Brockport Electric Light Company. I had lived for two years directly across the street from the plant and had spent many evenings there, fascinated by it as the average boy of today is by automobiles, streamlined locomotives or his pet baseball player.

The first electric chair was built in the Auburn Prison in 1889, a few months after Governor David B. Hill of New York had signed the bill abolishing hanging and bringing into capital punishment those grim words that usually read: "The sentence of the court is that a current of electricity be passed through your body until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

The law resulted in a furor of public protest. Preachers attacked it from the pulpits. Newspaper editorials blasted it. Some even doubted that this invisible force would kill. There were weird experiments on dogs and cats and cattle. Governor Hill enlisted scientists to prove that this was a more humane way of legal death than hanging.

Austin Lathrop, state superintendent of prisons, delegated the job of constructing the first electric chair to Edwin F. Davis and the most devastating piece of furniture the world had ever seen was completed in the summer of 1889.

The First Electrocution

A man named William Kemmler, who had killed a woman, was the first murderer sentenced thus to die. After feverish last-minute preparations, which included the electrocution of an animal to prove that the lethal equipment was ready, William Kemmler went to his death on August 6, 1890. He was a quivering, pitiful pioneer of the condemned who since have been hurled into eternity by this man-made lightning as the state has demanded a life for a life.

That first electrocution, we know now, was a grotesque misadventure. The switch was in a room adjoining the death chamber. Communication was by bells. As State Electrician Davis (who was later to play a most important part in my life) turned off the current in reply to a signal, the physicians approached the chair. But immediately there were spasmodic movements of the body that made it appear that the man was trying to breathe. Hastily the current was reapplied.

"A Roasting of Human Flesh in the Prison — Strong Men Sickened and Turned from the Sight," said the New York World's headline next morning.

A mere boy, I read and heard almost nothing of that first electrocution. Three years later a man named Bartholomew Shay, convicted of a murder following an election dispute in Troy, was sentenced to follow the grim route blazed so miserably by Kemmler. I had read of Shay's case in the Buffalo newspapers. On the day after the execution, as I talked with a neighbor about it, there occurred to me the first inexplicable incident of my life.

"Think of that man's responsibility!" I said of the executioner. "That's a job I'd like to have."

My neighbor's reaction was no closer to horror than my own. I cannot today understand what impelled the remark. Often I have attempted to explain it to myself, for none has ever heard of it before this, save only the neighbor to whom it was addressed. I am as far as ever from a solution. Remember, I was only nineteen years old. Perhaps the answer is that electricity had already become to me something wholly fascinating but something, as well, to be viewed objectively.

One Who Survived

The day was to come when I would have given much to have called back that thoughtless, boyish remark. It flashed through my mind most vividly, probably, on the night in Western State Penitentiary at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, when a telephone a few feet from the chair rang at the precise instant that the switch completed the circuit sending 2,000 volts coursing through the body of a boy who should have been training for boxing or football. Telephone calls in the death chamber have meant reprieves. But more of that later.

In 1898, I first became a part of New York State's penal system, as assistant engineer at Clinton Prison in Dannemora. Meanwhile I had operated the electric plant for the town of Avon and had met the laughing, bright-eyed schoolteacher whose name was Addie Belle Hocmer and who was to become my wife in 1899. Without her, this strange life of mine could not have been so nearly normal as it has been.

Dannemora, where I soon passed the necessary examinations to become chief electrician, gave me my first acquaintance with legal death by the thunderbolt that travels in wires. The prison plant, which was in my charge, furnished the current for the electric chair. Fifteen minutes before a man was to die, a bell would sound, the signal to start the generators. A few minutes later, the bell would sound again. The state's option on a human life had been taken up. I saw no execution. But I had supplied the lethal current. However, my psychology was exactly what it is today. I was an electrician in the employ of the state.

It is well that that was so, else the weird experience of the Vanwormer brothers in the fall of 1903 might well have been my last.

Fred Vanwormer on that day provided the only instance in my experience of a man surviving, even briefly, the power of electricity to put him to death.

The Vanwormer brothers were three, Willis, Burton and Fred. Their crime was the brutal killing, on a Christmas Eve in Greendale, New York, of an uncle who had been their foster father. Deliberately they had murdered him as he came to the door in answer to their knock.

Their triple execution was scheduled for 11:40 A. M. It was to mark the first time more than one person had been put to death in the same chair on the same day.

The prison plant furnished power for the town of Dannemora but in those days, of course, current was used primarily for lighting, the housewife's electrical appliances of today being unknown. High noon was selected as the time for executions because the town needed power least at that time.

Willis, the oldest but most nervous and distraught of the boys, went to the chair first. He was followed by Fred,

AFTER HOURS, BRIGHT—
yet he worked like a slave all day!

To be a "comer" today, you've got to have the *energy* to keep going! No matter how hard you drive yourself all day, you can't stop work at *five*. You've got to study . . . plan . . . entertain. This takes *energy*. And more and more men are hearing about a new, convenient way to help restore lost energy... by drinking COCOMALT!

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Energy by the glassful

** The measurements of energy used in this advertisement have been estimated by applying the energy value of Cocomalt to the energy expenditures of various occupations as covered in "The Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose, authoritative textbook in this field.*

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Jockey Longs, the famous masculine support underwear, accepted and correct among carefully dressed men, give you the proper protection against leg-chill. Jockey's Y-Front construction, provides *mild support*, ends the discomforts that cause squirming. No-gap front opening—positively held closed. No buttons. No bunching. No bind. Contoured shirts to match. Accept only Jockey by Coopers—the only underwear providing *squirmless comfort* with leg protection. At good dealers everywhere. If yours doesn't have Jockey, write us.

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then by Burton, who, the physician's examination had seemed to indicate, would be most able to endure those last terrifying minutes about which you, and even I, can know nothing.

The bell rang, the signal to cut off the current. Three men had given their lives to the state for one they had taken. I turned off the power and left the prison to return to my home for an hour.

I lived only a short distance from the prison. The bell of the old-fashioned wall telephone was ringing as I entered the front door. The call was from Billy Roberts, a trusty assigned to duty with me in the power plant.

"Come back!" he shouted. "Davis says to run. There's trouble."

I was back at the prison in less than three minutes. Roberts was waiting, taut with excitement.

"Davis says to get the power on again," he said. I did that.

What had happened was this: the 1,700 volts of deadly current that had surged through the body of Fred Vanwormer with the authority of the state of New York for three full minutes had not killed him. Taken from the chair, his body, from which life supposedly was extinct, had been laid in an adjoining room. There Will Parsons, a guard, had seen Fred's hand move and an eye flicker.

The prison physician who, with the three executions completed, had been about to perform the autopsy, called Executioner Davis, the same man who had put William Kemmler to death in 1890.

The law had decreed that Fred Vanwormer die by electrocution. He had not yet died. There was only one thing to do. That was to strap him back in the chair again.

Feverishly, I brought the power up to required voltage once more. But as I did that, Fred Vanwormer died.

It Couldn't Happen Now

The incident, never before made public by me nor, I believe, by any prison official who was there that day, could not occur now with the improvement that has come in method and equipment. I do not believe that it was more brutal than any other killing, ghastly though it may have seemed. The original shock had produced instant insensibility. If we must put human beings to death under the law, the use of electric current is by far the most humane, more so than the gas chamber, vastly more so than the grotesque hanging.

I was not, of course, in the death chamber to witness that grisly chapter in the history of man's punishment of man. My work was in the power plant. I was not curious. As a matter of fact, two months later I was to put a man to death for the state of New York before I ever had seen an execution.

The work was that of a skilled, sure-handed electrician. I had been trained for that work. To provide for possible emergency, the state penal officials decided that more than one man should be fitted for the gruesome assignment. So in December, I was asked by Cornelius V. Collins, superintendent of the department of correction, to go with Executioner Davis to Sing Sing Prison on a day when a man was to be put to death.

Later the order was amplified. I was directed to execute a man under the supervision of Mr. Davis. For the first time I was to perform the last act of human hand that would make a living man a dead man. I told my wife that I was going to Sing Sing under orders and in answer to the notice received from Warden Johnson. But I did not tell her that I was to kill a man that day. She did not know for many years that I was more than a witness. Still a young bride, she could not have reconciled herself then to her husband's part in the grisly business of legal death.

Arriving early at the death chamber, I examined the equipment. I listened to Davis' last-minute instructions. He said that he would be at my elbow. I nodded. I was relieved. I busied myself with examination of the electrodes and other equipment, seeking to hide from Davis and the others the fact that I, who had been perfectly cool and efficient heretofore when only an "accomplice" in the state's killings, was now perturbed as I faced the ordeal of throwing the switch.

Elliott's First Execution

The first of the two men condemned to die was a Scandinavian, huge in frame, stolid in face. His name doesn't matter for the purpose of these articles. Names that you, the reader, have forgotten or perhaps never knew need not matter here. They might still mean grief to someone.

The big, fair-haired man, his face set as if stone, was brought in. He walked steadily to the chair. Wordlessly he sat down.

Davis had told me that I was to apply the leg electrode, then go to the switch to await the signal. I had been selected to perform the first execution rather than the second that day because Davis feared that otherwise I might lose my nerve. I bent down to apply the electrode to the big man's right leg, pushing up a piece of slit, coarse gray trouser. A witness scraped a foot on the bare floor. Another coughed nervously. But no word was heard in the chamber.

As I made the electrode firm, my eyes followed an irresistible impulse. I looked up into the impassive face of the condemned man and my eyes caught the burning, baleful glare of his. There was uncompromising hate in his eyes. There was also fear.

It was the first time I had ever looked into the eyes of a man on the brink of eternity. I was as if hypnotized. The blaze of those blue eyes held mine as if magnetic. I could feel perspiration starting out on my face. I heard another nervous cough from one of the witnesses and a terse, quiet word spoken by an official. It was a sensation I never have experienced before or since that morning.

Finally, by dint of actual physical effort, I closed my eyes. When I opened them again I did not look up. I finished applying the leg electrode. Then I straightened up, almost fearful that I couldn't walk. I staggered, more than walked, to the switch ten feet away.

Davis was there. "Steady," he said, in a low voice as I put my hand on the switch. He touched my shoulder. I was trembling.

Dr. Irving, the prison physician, gave the signal, as was the Sing Sing custom then. Again I heard the almost inaudible rustle of the witnesses, the shifting of feet, an intake of breath. I threw the switch.

The body of the man into whose eyes I had looked a minute or two before stiffened, then slumped under the straps.

For the first time, as the agent of the people of New York State, I had killed a man.

The second man was brought in almost immediately. I was still trembling but in command of myself as I applied the head electrode, then turned away. My work was done.

Since that morning, as this is written, I have thrown the switch to send 369 other human beings to eternity.

But never have I looked another in the eye.

The second of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's

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Hot Piano

Continued from page 12

campus drugstore. One look at the nursery trade convinced them this was no place to locate a solid piano.

Now they were standing by the nickel-in-the-slot machine, morbidly listening to Mr. Tommy Dorsey.

"We shoulda known better," Mr. Chick Bronson said bitterly. "Lookin' for Benny in a college town!"

His twin shrugged. "You heard Sammy as plain as I did. He swore that when he was playing that date here with Vallee, he saw Benny. He said it was Benny in cheaters."

"He was wrong then," Chick said shortly. "Just because Benny once went to college is no sign he'd have a relapse. Every time—"

He stopped abruptly, choking on his drink. Marty whirled and stared out the window. A familiar blimplike figure was strolling sedately past, a woman clinging to his arm.

"It gives!" Chick shrieked, dashing for the door. At the next corner Professor Barnes was bidding his fiancée a lingering adieu. She had barely disappeared down the street before the Bronsons hurled themselves on him with loud, eager cries.

"Benny!" Marty shrieked. "Benny, old pal!"

The professor's eyebrows raced up his forehead, then stopped in horrified disbelief. He stared at the Bronson brothers, his mouth slightly open, his lips moving feebly in search for words that wouldn't come. There was a sudden, glazed expression in his eyes. At long last, fate had caught up with Professor Barnes.

"Why, Benny," Chick remonstrated, "aren't you glad to see us?"

Benny nodded weakly, looking furtively up and down the street. "Of course I am," he said faintly. There was a heavy silence, then: "Just passing through?" he asked hopefully.

The Bronsons exchanged grim glances. "No," said Marty.

"We would have words with you, Benny," Chick added coldly.

Benny nodded slowly, his features settling into lines of passive resistance. "This way," he said.

THE brass team sniffed with polite disdain as they followed him down the corridor to his office. On all sides they were surrounded by the sounds of heavy, cultured music.

"A carriage-trade joint, huh?" hazarded Mr. Chick Bronson, pausing to strike a match on a bust of Mozart.

Benny ignored this uncouth remark as he hurried these unwelcome guests into his offices. He peered cautiously up and down the hall and then closed the door. Marty was studying the painting above Benny's desk. It was that of Johann Strauss.

"Picture of a salon artist!" he said, looking reproachfully at Benny.

"Yeah," said Chick, "and I don't see any pictures of the Rhythm Rascals. You haven't forgotten, have you, Benny?"

"No," Benny said feebly, a shadow crossing his face, "no, I haven't forgotten."

Two pairs of Bronson eyes met in consultation. If he had lost that old upbeat—

"Does anyone know you're here?" Benny asked, striving for casualness.

"No," said Chick, studying the big man behind the desk. "You been giving the past the down beat, huh, Benny?"

"Not at all!" he said, far too quickly. "Everyone knows I'm Professor Barnes."

"But they don't know you're *the* Barrel-house Benny Barnes, is that it?"

"Well," said Benny, "I had been keeping that somewhat secret."

"What for? If you're still worried about Scranton—"

"Me?" Benny asked, in quick, wide-eyed innocence. "Why should I be worried about Scranton, Pennsylvania?"

"Relax," said Chick. "You're among friends. The guy didn't die anyway. He was up and around looking for you in a couple of weeks."

"Oh," Benny said. "I—I often wondered."

"I'll bet you did," Chick said grimly. "Taking a powder just because you creased a guy with a bottle! A guy who had it coming at that!"

"Let's not discuss it," the professor said hurriedly. "I have never looked at a blonde or a bottle since then. I still feel quite bad about the way it all happened."

"I don't blame you." Marty said, "considering your reputation and all. The boys still talk about how you could part a house dick's hair from across the room and never even leave a scar. It was just that you were nervous that night."

"Thank you," Benny said gravely.

THERE was a stagnant silence. A smothering silence.

"How long you been holed up here?" Chick asked finally.

"Long enough to become head of the Department of Music Appreciation," said Benny. "I—I decided that I had better retire from the band business. We weren't appreciated."

"We are now," Chick said quickly. "Now that swing is here to stay, we're the cream in their coffee. All the name bands are working off our grooves. You know that, don't you?"

Professor Barnes shook his head. "I don't keep up with, er, popular music," he said, clearing his throat a little. "I don't have time for such things."

The brothers exchanged skeptical glances. "So?" said Marty. "I suppose you've never even listened to a jive crew, huh?"

"Well," said Benny, "now that you mention it, I did happen to hear Benny Goodman when I was in New York."

"Then you heard our own stuff, didn't you?" said Chick. "All the bands admit the Rhythm Rascals laid the foundation for swing! Why, we're famous, Benny!"

"Oh," said Benny, as if this were all news to him. His wary gaze was on Mr. Chick Bronson, a ride-trumpet if there ever was one. "Where are the other boys?"

Chick shrugged. "Beating the sticks looking for you. I'll have to send them a wire."

"Looking for me?" Benny said dismally, realizing that he could no longer avoid the issue. "What for?"

They gave him the lyrics then. The Rhythm Rascals, the grandpappies of swing, could name their own price if they reorganized. Dance bookers from the Palomar to the Trianon were ready, willing and anxious to bring them in. They could write their own tickets for recordings. Now the hot-men who had blazed that trail, they who had raised the first crop of dipsy-doodles, could cash in. Big.

A faraway expression crept into Benny's eyes as he listened to their enthusiasm.

He sighed heavily as they finished. "It sounds good," he said. "It sounds very good. Unfortunately I cannot participate. As it happens, I am engaged to a very lovely lady psychologist here at

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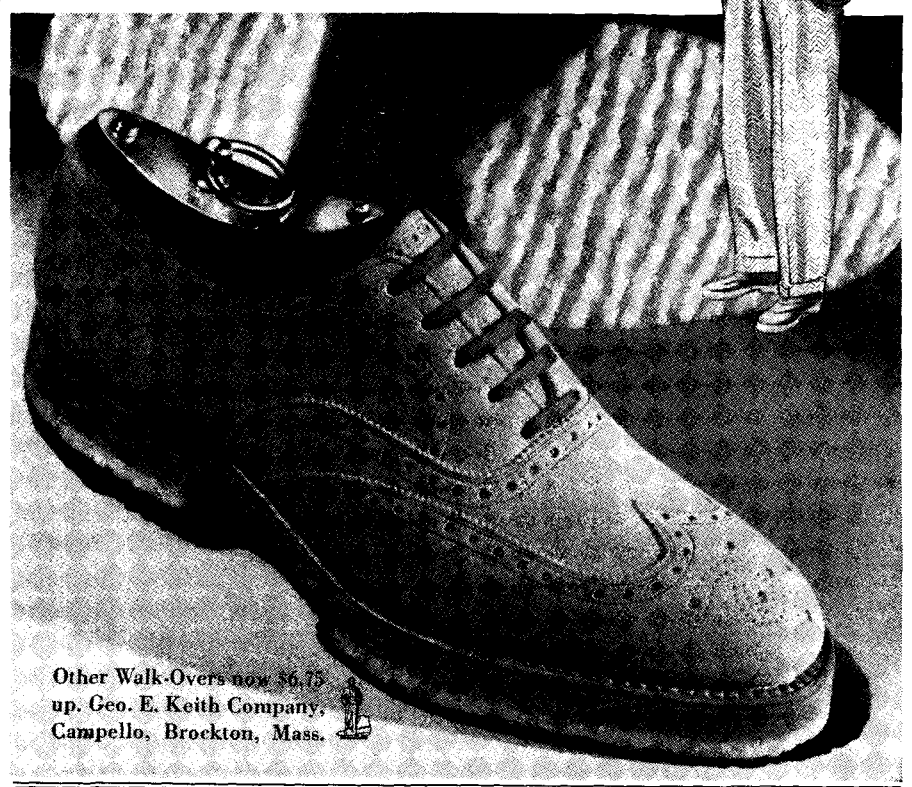

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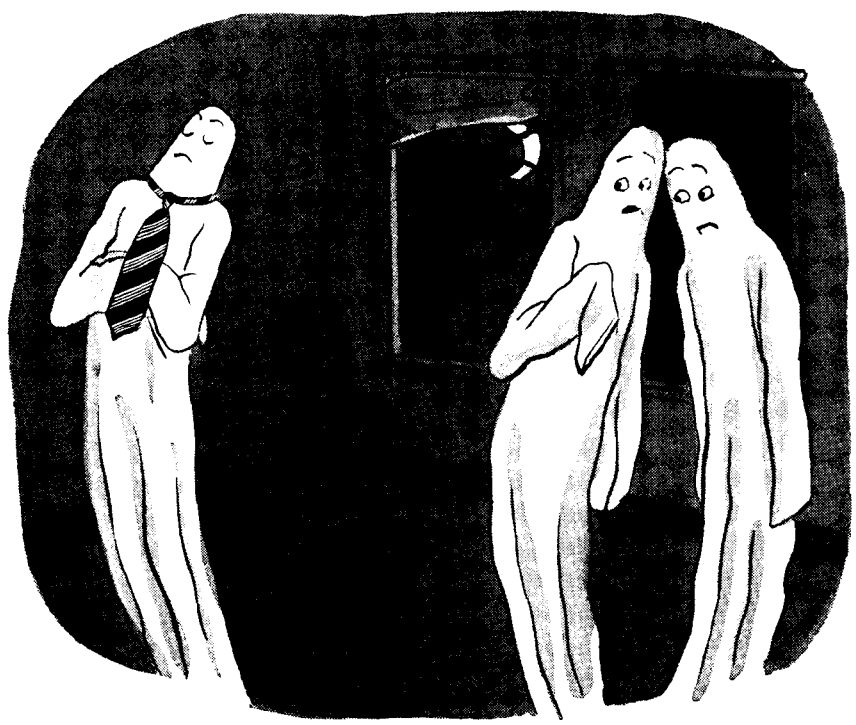

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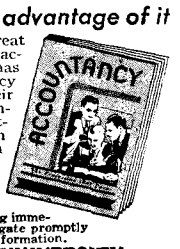

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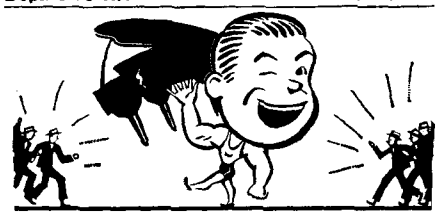

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school." He kept his gaze carefully on the ceiling, evading their double-Judas look. "And Emily is not exactly partial to swing time, let alone a real jive outfit. She would never understand all this."

"So this is why you are a reformed piano!" Marty said slowly. "You have fallen in with some true music lovers, hunh?"

"Emily is a fine character!" Benny said quickly. Something in their faces made him add: "And you must also remember that this college is justly proud of its music department. How would my associates feel if they should hear that I was once known here and there as Barrel-house Benny Barnes, the King of the Piano?"

"That's just what I've been wondering," said Mr. Chick Bronson, a little too casually to suit the professor. He glanced briefly at his brother. The boys would have to hear of this treason. Opening the door, Chick said, "Well, Benny, we'll be seeing you around."

MISS EMILY GODSALL noticed some very odd behavior characteristics developing in her betrothed in the week that followed. He displayed a sudden tree-and-bush phobia that could only be marked down as highly neurotic. And in their strolls about the campus, the professor revealed a hitherto unsuspected bogeyman complex, carefully shying away from all dark, sheltered places. He also took to walking with constant glances back over his shoulder.

It was not until the next week, however, that Benny's most horrible fears were realized. He was giving out on the pipes at his Tuesday morning organ recital, pleasantly aware of Emily's warm gaze, when he felt a sudden, prickling sensation of fear.

Glancing cautiously over his shoulder he shuddered as he saw the Bronson brothers, complete with derbies and checked suits, coldly regarding him from the first row.

Somehow Benny staggered through that recital. Then, weak and perspiring, he tried to hurry Emily away through the side door. It was no use. The Bronsons were already stationed there.

"So, Benny?" Mr. Chick Bronson said heavily. "The organ it gives now, hunh?"

"Why," said Benny, "I always loved the organ. You surely must remember that, Chick." Then, with a despairing, almost pleading look, he added: "This is my fiancée, Miss Godsall."

"How do you do?" they said, mechanically tipping their derbies. "We have heard a great deal about you, Miss Godsall. It is always pleasant to meet a fellow music lover."

"The Bronsons are old college friends," Benny put in hastily. "They believe in keeping up acquaintances."

"We sure do," the trumpet said grimly, "but you have no idea how difficult that can be, Miss Godsall. People who are forever taking powders and things like that."

Emily nodded vaguely, wondering just what sort of college her fiancé must have attended. Benjamin was always so closemouthed about his past. Forcing a smile, she said, "It's very nice to meet you. The faculty is giving us a party next Saturday night and perhaps—"

"Thanks just the same," said Mr. Chick Bronson, his eyes resting on Benny, "but we have other plans."

Emily, trying to hide her relief, smiled at her large and loving escort. "I'm sure they want to talk to you alone, Benjamin. I'll see you at dinner." She smiled at the Bronsons and hurried away.

"For a music lover," said Marty, "not bad."

"Listen," Chick said briskly. "It's all set, Benny. We break in at Atlantic City this week end. A two-night stand for the bookers to catch us."

"Catch *us*?" said the horrified Benny. "Are you crazy? I told you I have retired."

"Sure," said Marty, "but the neighbors say otherwise."

"The neighbors?" It was the voice of a doomed man.

"We have heard you are quite a composer these days, Benny," Mr. Chick Bronson said slowly. "The neighbors can think it is an unfinished symphony but from the reports we hear it is strictly that old Dixieland touch of yours."

BENNY'S last line of reserves crumpled at last. "I can't help it," he said finally, his voice barely above a whisper. "I still have to beat it out now and then. It's like being a closet drinker."

"Sure," Marty said quietly, "we know how it is, guy. If you gotta give, you gotta give."

Benny's eyes were dull and listless. "But just the same I'm through, fellows. Emily would never approve of this."

Mr. Chick Bronson's brief patience quivered and died at that. "Listen, Benny," he said icily, "if you really value your friendship with this music lover, you will appear in Atlantic City this next week end. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise, what?"

Chick nodded at his brother then. Marty promptly produced a faded still picture. Benny's glazed eyes studied the group photo of his most famous alma mater. There, ensconced at the piano and right next to the drum labeled "THE RHYTHM RASCALS," was none other than Barrel-house Benny himself.

"You get the idea?"

Benny struggled to his feet, achieving a bravissimo effect. "If you think you can intimidate me—"

"Sit down," said Mr. Chick Bronson.

"You think I have no pride, no courage?"

"No," said Chick, "and anyway, I have already signed us for that date. The original band—meaning you, too. Why, we may even end up getting a sponsor!"

He lowered his voice to a more persuasive pitch. "You can save the wear and tear on your arteries," he advised, "as we have already figured your angle so no one will be the wiser."

"Yes?" Benny asked hoarsely. "Play those lyrics."

In five minutes even the reluctant professor was forced to admit that not yet was all lost. In return for Benny's appearing at this week-end stand, the Rhythm Rascals would forego all further claims on his barrel-house touch. He could breeze into Atlantic City on Friday, get in a day's rehearsal (all that a New Orleans swing crew would need), play the date and then disappear into posterity, still the King of the Piano.

"Well," Benny began cautiously, "perhaps—"

"Atlantic City is barely two hundred miles from here," Marty said patiently. "Monday you can return to the campus and Miss Emily Godsall."

Benny gave a low C moan at this mention of his fiancée. "But there's this engagement party!"

"You can skip that," said Mr. Chick Bronson. "If necessary, you can tell Miss Godsall that you are going into the city to shop for your trousseau."

Benny started for the door. "Wait here," he said. "I'll go right over and see Emily." The door closed on his broad bulk.

Mr. Chick Bronson's morbid gaze lingered on the door. "To think Benny should sink so low! Can you imagine playing the organ in broad daylight?"

"I can," said Marty, "but offhand I'd rather not."

ATLANTIC CITY had never seen so many alligators; the very rafters of the dance hall dripped jam lovers. Dipsydoodles from far and near mingled with visiting union men, erudite music critics and members of old-line hot societies.

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The college trade was both annoyed and perturbed to find that its opinions meant nothing here. There was scant talk of current ride-men; instead the younger jitterbugs were forced to listen to men and women who were thirty-five if they were a day, talking reverently of the Scranton Sirens, the Memphis Five and the Blue Rhythm Band.

The younger set listened amusedly, exchanging knowing glances. The Rhythm Rascals were simply names you saw on old, warped records. Barrel-house Benny Barnes was but a hoary myth, not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Fats Waller. It was worth this trek just to watch the old-timers find out that swing time was by and for the young people who had discovered it.

Backstage the Rhythm Rascals were noodling in their dressing room, trying exploratory runs, warming their instruments. Over in one corner Benny was nervously flexing his hands. In five minutes they would be on; in another thirty-six hours he would be on his way back to Miss Emily Godsall. He sighed a little, thinking how hard it would be to forget forever the soul-mated madness of a real jive outfit. It would be especially hard to forget when you were living with a woman who had that clairvoyant touch.

IT WAS then that Miss Emily Godsall, big as life and twice as furious, burst into the dressing room.

"There you are!" she cried. "You—you King of the Piano!"

Benny quailed at the sight of the splotchy anger in her cheeks. "Now, Emily," he said desperately, "if you'll only take a broad view of this—"

Emily laughed wildly and thrust a newspaper under his nose. "Read that!" she cried. "Just read that! Playing here on the night of our engagement party! The whole campus is laughing at me! Why, three bus loads of students are here right now!"

Benny's stricken gaze was already on the school daily. There on page one was a six-column cut of the Rhythm Rascals. The banner line read: PROFESSOR BARNES EXPOSED AS HOT-MAN!

The story was even worse; it started luridly and held its pace:

"Professor Barnes, Music Appreciation II, was today revealed as none other than Barrel-house Benny Barnes, King of the Piano. The professor, long a mystery man on the campus, only recently announced his engagement—"

"It's true," Benny said painfully, "but just the same, Emily—"

Emily had burst into tears. Jerking the ring from her engagement finger, she thrust it at him. "Take it," she said brokenly. "Take it and forget me, Benjamin. It could never be."

For a moment Benny stared dazedly at the ring in his hand, then was suddenly conscious that Mr. Chick Bronson was easing out the door. An expression crossed Benny's face that was so bloodthirsty, so utterly lacking in refined emotion, that Chick froze in his tracks.

"I did it for your own good," he said desperately. "We just gotta have you, Benny. For keeps!"

Benny went completely native at that. He let out a wild bellow (one that instantly recalled his cop-fighting days to the others) and instinctively cast around for a bottle to hurl.

"Grab him!" yelled Marty. "He's away!"

It took the five of them to bustle Benny to the stage. Panting, they paused in the wings. "Save it for the piano!" Chick begged. "You can slug me after the dance!"

Benny shook off his captors at that. "Don't think I won't!" he roared, starting across the stage.

From the moment that Benny seated his huge frame behind the piano there was a hushed silence. There was barely room for dancing and Mr. Barnes, glancing at that quiet, prove-you're-good audience, recognized a hundred Wadham-Marshall students packed around the stand. They were staring, staring as they had for years, with that annoying adenoidal expression.

Benny glared then at his associates of the brass and reeds. "Get on and ride!" he grated. "Stay with me if you can!"

He brought down his left hand and the youngest jitterbugs felt a thrill of sheer ecstasy as he came out on a dominant seventh, jiving into the St. Louis Blues. He was strictly leading with his chin but a man who has already lost all doesn't worry over another beating. He forgets it has been done to death and people dare you to improve on the great arrangements that have been written around. He doesn't care if the St. Louis Blues is the graveyard of reputations.

He forgets all those things and gives.

Benny gave. He gave it in spades, disdaining the time-honored grooves, ignoring hallowed figures and patterns. His downstairs hand was savage, beating it, beating it, beating it, defying his own men to play around the wild melody.

Somehow they did. Their eyes bulged and their cheeks quivered as they held on to the sustaining high ones, but they stayed with him.

Benny ended on a fadeaway flourish, a typical barrel-house touch that used to bring down the house. It still did.

The cats shrieked and cried and stamped for more. Far back in the house two apprentice jitterbugs fainted and were completely ignored by the alligators. This was no time for softies. This was a night for cats. It was mob hysteria and it was violent, but then, so was the music.

Miss Emily Godsall, trapped in that shouting, stamping throng, stared about her. Something warm stirred faintly within her as Benny sidled into Basin Street, gradually accenting the tempo, building it up for the ride-outs to seize for their choruses. One after another they took it, shook it, made it foam.

Miss Godsall's fascinated gaze was still on her ex-fiancé as she experienced a sudden, almost shameful pride. Here Benjamin was a giant among men. His savage artistry had a certain majestic dignity, she thought; it made her think vaguely of huge tribal chieftains beating their tom-toms. She would have been horrified to learn she was becoming a cat.

TWO hours later, limp from their exertions, the Rhythm Rascals left the stand, their reputations made for all time. No longer were they mere hallowed tradition; they had become the living, breathing rulers of the House of Swing.

Benny surged through the mob of bookers, musicians and cats jammed around the dressing room, his associates trailing in his wake. Once inside, they bolted the door.

Mr. Chick Bronson looked wearily at his piano. "I'm ready now, Benny," he said, "and no matter how much it hurts, it was worth it."

But Benny wasn't listening. He was staring at Miss Emily Godsall seated on the divan where she had been waiting for the past hour. There was a shiny look in her eye that might mean—

"Emily!" he cried, very much on the tremolo side. "You're not mad?"

"No," she said softly, "no, I'm not mad, Benjamin." Coloring, she looked at the floor. "I was just thinking I could probably do my doctor's thesis on behavior patterns among jitterbugs."

Benny did something then that no proper faculty member should ever do. He threw his arms around her and openly, brazenly, kissed her.

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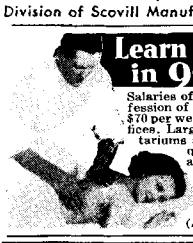

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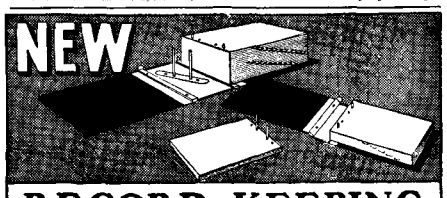

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The Spymaster

Continued from page 15

the man was dead and he lost his nerve. He had been in trouble not so long ago—two years for having half killed a man in a fight and he suddenly got the funks. He slipped out of the car, pressed the bell of the hospital, turned round and disappeared."

"Do you believe him?" Cheshire asked.

"I do," was the confident reply. "So would you, if you talked to him. He brought the girl with him. She is as respectable as they make 'em, had stuck to him all the time he was in prison and was trying to help him get a job now. Meldicott had plenty of money on him and they found a lot of loose notes in his overcoat pocket, even. Jesson apparently touched nothing."

THE telephone bell rang. Melville lifted the receiver, listened and set it down with a brief remark.

"All over," he told Cheshire. "Meldicott died without recovering consciousness."

They sat down at the table but neither of them had any appetite for lunch.

"What about this firm that Florestan worked for?" Melville asked.

"Wealthy, old-established, been dealing in metals and everything to do with guns, battleships and planes for twenty years. The late managing director founded the foreign business but his son and grandson, who are now directors, are duds; as honest as the day, but everything seems to have been left to this man Florestan. He has refused a directorship but they give him large bonuses at the end of each year and he works the business just as he likes. He has lived ostensibly in that poky little house in Kensington, where I went to see him, but he has also a flat on the hotel side of the Milan. Just now it seems to be closed up. Melville," Cheshire concluded sternly, "you have got to find that man."

"We shall find him all right," Melville declared. "Whether we shall be able to hold him or not, though, I cannot tell you, unless you want to bring your own little affair into it, and that I imagine you would never do. The only report we have is that a man who might have answered to his description left in a private plane from Heston at daybreak this morning. The plane was licensed in the name of Rosenthal. The man had his own pilot who left with the plane. He always went in for night journeys and no one seems to know much about him. We shall have a fuller report soon but it does not look very hopeful. He may be at the other end of Europe by this time."

"What have you done with Jesson?" Cheshire asked.

"We detained him at Scotland Yard. He is perfectly willing and we are on the safe side, anyhow. I warn you, though. I am not often wrong and I believe his story."

"Sounds only too probable," Cheshire admitted.

"Brownlow from the Foreign Office is lunching upstairs," Melville went on. "I talked to him for a minute or two. Things seem as bad as possible. Both our friends are still doing everything they can to delay matters. They mean war, you know, Cheshire. There's no doubt about that, and we are not ready."

"No more are they," the other rejoined. "Well, we will leave that to the politicians, but I'll tell you this: If ever this thing blows over or if war does come, nothing in the world would induce me to have anything to do with my present branch of the service again. I don't mind hardships and I don't mind taking risks, but this is simply hell. You are surrounded all the time by dangers you can't cope with, people you can't get at. A man needs a peculiar sort of mentality, Melville, to do our work."

"And you're damned good at it, so don't grouse," the deputy commissioner pronounced. "You know already everything there is to be known about fighting a ship, and peacetime work would be a cold job for you. You frighten me, Cheshire, now and then," he went on, moving to the sideboard and helping himself to one of the cold dishes, "but I believe in your present plans. I believe if you can only succeed in your last effort and get the truth to these fellows at the psychological moment, they will climb down at once and if the other thing happens, twenty-four hours after the first shot has been fired, when they find that there is not a single thing as they expected to find it, they will lose their nerve."

"Hope so," Cheshire said. "Anyway, the scheme has worked up till now, as one can tell from their attitude, and from some of the dispositions they have made."

The telephone bell rang again. Sir Herbert listened for a moment or two, interposing some brief ejaculations of a somewhat severe character, and rang off.

"You won't like this, Cheshire," he cried as he finished the conversation. "I will send Partridge down and have him make a report. Seems to me like gross carelessness. That man you left in the police station last night has escaped."

"The devil! How was that?"

"Well, the inspector has been explaining that they were treating him a little leniently because, of course, they had no right to hold him without bringing him up for remand. The warder took him some dinner, the fellow was waiting for him behind the door, knocked him senseless and was out of the place, into the back and over the wall like a streak. I am terribly sorry."

"Not your fault, old chap, but it's bad luck all the same," Cheshire observed.

THERE was a tapping at the door. The headwaiter of the club presented himself. The two men looked at him curiously.

"I offer you my apologies, gentlemen," he said gravely. "I know that it is forbidden to interrupt you but I hope you will excuse me when I tell you the cause."

"Well?" Cheshire queried.

"The Princess Pelucchi has just left her husband here, sir. He has gone into the luncheon room. She asked whether you were in the club. I—forgive me—replied in the affirmative."

"A damn' silly thing to do," Cheshire said. "You know very well that neither the deputy commissioner nor myself is ever in the club when we are asked for. Go on."

"The princess is in the car outside, sir. She begged that you would spare her one moment."

Cheshire rose to his feet. "Show Her Highness into the Strangers' Room and see that no one else enters."

"Very good, sir."

The man departed, returning in a minute or two more solemn than ever.

"Her Highness is in the Strangers' Room, sir," he announced. "I have left one of the waiters outside with orders that the room is not to be used."

Cheshire nodded.

"I'll be back in a few moments," he told Melville.

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Sabine was looking very lovely, as usual, but there was a shadow lurking in her eyes and her smile was a little anxious. It was a smile that Cheshire did not return. He bent over her fingers with a cold salute and stood waiting.

"You are angry with me, Guy," she said. "I should not have come here."

"It is not wise," he told her. "Just now, things are very difficult. Every movement of every person of importance is being watched."

"I did not realize that," she admitted. "I came to speak to you because Elida has told me about tonight. I am afraid for Elida, Guy."

"I don't think she will come to any harm."

"Nevertheless, it is not a good thing that she should go to a place like Machinka's and meet you there alone on this terrible secret business. I came to pray you to take her out into the country somewhere or meet her as privately as you have done before at Regent's Park. Anywhere, sooner than Machinka's."

Cheshire shook his head. "There are

"Say when!" BO BROWN

reasons," he insisted. "why tonight Machinka's is necessary."

"You may be spied upon there," she warned him.

He looked at her very steadily.

"I hope so."

"You hope so?" she repeated, considering his words. "What is it that you have in your mind, Guy?"

"It would be no longer worth while keeping in my mind if I disclosed it to you," he answered.

"Is that not unkind?"

"You are a Pelucchi," he reminded her.

"I was also once your very dear friend," she said sadly. "How you have changed, Guy. How cold and stern you have become. Is there anything human left in you?"

"Temporarily," he told her, "I have ceased to exist as a human being. I am like the modern armies—I am not a human unit. I am mechanized."

"If I could only understand a little," she sighed. "I know how terrible it was that I should have involved myself in these affairs with Geoffrey Rawson but is it not almost as bad if Elida has secret discussions with you?"

"Worse," he replied. "Much worse."

"Then why do you urge her to do what she hates?"

"Because individuals count for nothing any longer. I am working only for a cause."

She shivered as she wrapped her sables round her.

"I am sorry I came," she confessed. "I cannot imagine why this blight has fallen upon the earth. As you say, we are no longer human beings. War itself could scarcely be worse."

He pondered over her words.

"War brings misery to millions," he pointed out. "The struggle to avert war is so gigantic that it is of little consequence if it freezes the humanity out of a handful or so of us."

"What is there that I can do?" she pleaded.

He considered that also.

"Yours is the hardest task," he admitted. "Do nothing. You will save your country from ruin that way, no other, for believe me, Sabine, that vainglorious egoist who has lost his sense of proportion and everything except his gift of rhetoric is better left alone. If we stop the war we shall save your country."

"Your methods," she ventured, "of saving the world from war are a little cryptic."

"I am not upon my defense," he answered.

He touched the bell. She leaned toward him once more.

"Elida is to go?" she asked with a little break in her voice.

The door was opened. The hall porter was in the background.

"Show Her Highness to her car," Cheshire directed. "Princess, *a rivederci*."

ELIDA came into the private salon of Machinka's Restaurant that evening with a laugh upon her lips and a glow of excitement in her beautiful eyes. She threw aside the black scarf that she had been wearing almost like a yashmak over her hair, and held out both her hands to Cheshire. He took them, he even raised them to his lips, but she felt the chill of his presence.

"Guy, dear," she protested, "have I come once more to a tragic feast? Can we not pretend that we are playing a game?"

"Should we be better off?" he asked.

"I think so," she declared, looking at herself in the mirror. "Life lasts such a very short time. Why should we brood upon the unhappy side of it?"

He rang the bell.

"Your Campari arrives," he told her, "and your strange Italian vermouth. And Luigi," he added, as the dark little man hurried into the room.

Respectful salutations followed. Luigi served the *apéritifs* and presented the menu.

"It is the dinner of the house," he announced, "but it is good. If you will excuse the Risotto, which is a luncheon dish and not usually eaten at this hour, you will find that it is a light one. The contessa will, I believe, approve."

Elida took the menu from Cheshire's hand. She looked it through and nodded.

"The Asparagus Parmesan, I adore," she said. "Some fruit afterward, and coffee, Luigi—strong, hot, black coffee. . . . And now, Guy, what is there serious to tell me? Ronnie is safe? He is still working?"

"He is still working," Cheshire assented.

She shivered a little.

"I do not think that you have the straightforward brain of a sailor at all," she declared.

"Why not?"

"It is too crafty, the whole affair."

"A spy has no conscience," he told her, "neither has a counterspy."

"What Geoffrey Rawson did was terrible," she said thoughtfully. "Even though Sabine begged and prayed him

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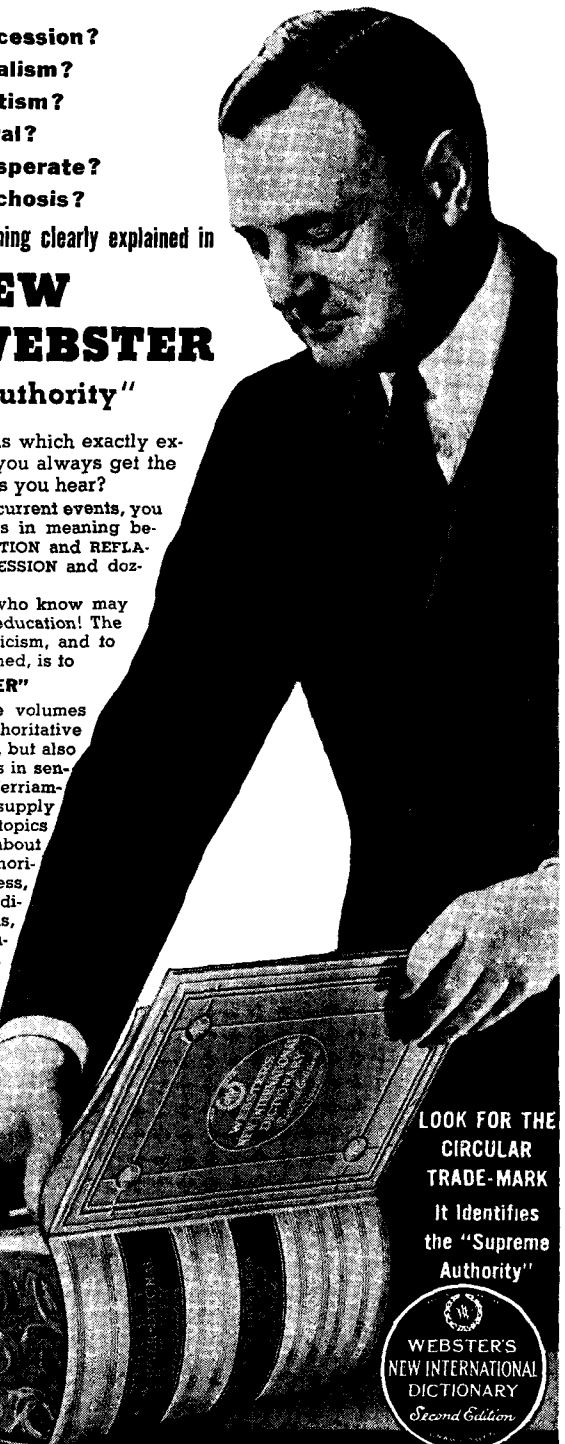

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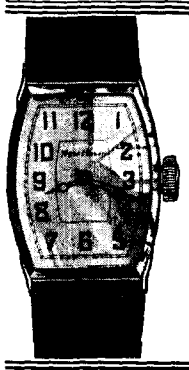

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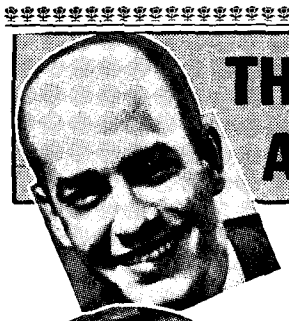

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to do as she wished, it was terrible. But you who introduced us, who apparently knew what was going on from the very beginning, why have you spared Ronnie? Why do you keep him there at work? Why do you still allow him to take these tracings that are to be passed on to my people?"

"Well, for one thing, his guilt was infinitely less than Rawson's. It was, in fact, scarcely guilt at all, because he was obeying his superior officer."

"I think we will not be serious until after dinner," she declared. "Do you not notice how gay I have become? You know medieval Italy was the home of all philosophers. That little company of men and women in their villa near Florence made world history after Boccaccio had set them loose. I have the same spirit. There are still joys in life. I shall cling to them even though now and then I am forced to do evil."

"Isn't this rather a new Elida?" he asked curiously.

"Perhaps so," she confessed. "I should like to make you a new Guy. I should like to smooth those hard lines out of your face, bring the kindness back to your eyes, the warmth to your touch, the tenderness to your tone."

"Better be careful!"

"My dear man," she laughed. "Why be careful?"

"Because Luigi is here with the minestrone."

PERHAPS Cheshire was really grateful for this fantastic exhibition of Elida's strange temperament. She was, he knew, in her way, sincere. She had all the delightful volatile outlook upon life of the Southern European. She conceived it her duty to life and living to be lighthearted. They gossiped about the past and even the future as though the clouds of disaster had ceased to loom over them or even had ever existed. Afterward, when they sat side by side on the sofa, she thrust her arm through his.

"Now let us talk seriously, if we must," she begged.

"There is very little that is fresh to tell you," he said, holding a light to her cigarette. "As you know perfectly well, I am now taking Rawson's place and you are taking Sabine's. Next week, perhaps even sooner, I am going to bring you the most important packet of plans and charts of all, but—"

"Go on, go on," she cried. "It is just the but that I want to know about."

"For my own peace of mind in the future, I must be sure that you clearly understand this. Nothing that I pass on to you, nothing that you handle, has been or ever will be absolutely correct."

The gaiety faded from her face, her lips trembled.

"I realize that," she murmured. "I have always known that you are using me to deceive my own people."

"This is my counterstroke against Sabine for having seduced Rawson, and through him, Hincks, from their duty. By obeying my present instructions, you, Elida, in place of your sister, are making such amends as are possible, and furthermore, you are saving young Hincks' life and giving him a chance to escape the consequences of his sin."

"And Ronnie knows that," she whispered bitterly.

"There has been no bargain between us," Cheshire told her. "I give him the instructions, he hands me over the results."

"But he knows that the maps and the figures, that everything he hands over to you is misleading?"

"Naturally."

"Does he know that you are making use of me to pass them on?"

"I have never told him so."

"Well," she sighed, "I am glad that he has not sunk so low as that, but although I am fond of him it would have been better if he had possessed the courage of his friend, Geoffrey Rawson."

"Young men are fond of life," Cheshire reminded her. "Then, too, you must remember he was only carrying out the orders of his superior officer. I am not attempting to excuse his fault but he is at least working out a bitter expiation."

"And if I refused now to go on with my part in this business?"

"The service, perhaps the world, would have no further use for Commander Ronald Hincks."

"An ultimatum?"

"Precisely."

She turned away from him.

"You are a terrible man. Once I was so fond of you, and now I am afraid. What is to come of it all?"

"How can I tell? The soldier who is flung into the battle line does not waste time thinking of the morrow."

"Will there be a tomorrow?" she asked wearily.

"The chances are even," he replied. "I only know that I am doing everything a man in my position can to insure its coming. So are you."

"Go on," she insisted. "You owe me plain truths."

"You shall have them," he assented, capturing her hand and holding it. "You know the orders I wear, and I can honestly say that I have earned them. I believe that I have the fighting spirit, yet I hate war like hell and every moment of my life now, every thought, is devoted to preventing it—even at the expense of every principle I have ever cherished."

She reflected upon his words for a moment.

"And what about me?" she asked. "You are making use of me. Am I to forget altogether the ignoble side of what I am doing? Am I to remember only that I am one of your fellow workers in this mission, which, I suppose, after all, is greater than anything personal—this mission for preventing war?"

"You are," he assured her firmly. "You have grasped the situation precisely. What you are doing, on behalf of Sabine, is partly retribution, but, beyond that, if it would help my work, I would sacrifice any living being, even though he or she were the nearest and dearest thing in my life."

"EXACTLY how am I helping?" she persisted.

"In this manner," he answered. "The man who is for the moment at the head of your nation, genius though he may be, has a fault. He is overconfident. It is a bad fault. You are helping to feed it. When, at the last moment, he knows the truth, the shock will be the greater."

"And what about the other?" she asked. "He means so much less to me, but he counts."

"You are not in any sort of direct connection with him," Cheshire pointed out. "He is being dealt with in the same way. They are both receiving information that, if it were correct, would make their success a certainty. Incorrect it would spell disaster. Our northern friend will be quicker to realize the position. He will be the first to change his attitude."

"Tell me some more," she begged. "I need reassurance."

"Not now," he replied. "Within a week or ten days I shall have, as I have already said, a further trust to hand over to you. It will be the most important part of our whole scheme. When that has been studied for twenty-four hours in both capitals, the time will have arrived. The dictators will be told the truth. They will know then that all this army of spies with which they have flooded the country has bungled. The dictators will have an entirely different

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view of the situation put before them. They will be shown a plan of the blow we intended to strike if war comes, which will be paralyzing to any hopes they might have had of success.

"Then will come our moment. Our envoys will change their tone. The conversations will be conducted in a different spirit. We shall give much, we shall expect much, but that much will spell peace. The mistake you make, my dear Elida," he wound up, "is that you think of yourself as a traitress, whereas you are really a prophetess. You believe that you are engaged in a business of infamy, whereas really you are the Joan of Arc of your people."

"You are a pleasant comforter, are you not, dearest Guy?" she said, stroking his arm.

"I am telling you the truth."

"Oh, I wonder," she answered. "This business of spying defeats me. A man tells a lie for his country's sake and he is acclaimed a hero. Guy, I wish Ronnie loved me more than his country."

"But he doesn't."

"Give me some more coffee," she begged.

HE POURED it out in silence, added the sugar gravely and placed the cup in her hand. She drank it and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"No, he does not," she repeated quietly, "and I think I love him for it. The greatest thing in a man's life is his sense of honor. No woman could be jealous of that. Still, she needs just the right word sometimes. How shall I meet Ronnie, I wonder, when we do come together again?"

"As lovers," he told her.

She rose to her feet joyously. There was a return to her former gaiety about her expression and movements.

"Give me the papers," she begged.

He placed them in the silk bag she was carrying. She closed it with a little gold key from her bracelet.

"When do we meet again?" she asked softly.

"When we do meet it will probably be for the last time," he told her. "You will hear from me, Elida."

He drew her arm through his and led her toward the door and along the passage outside. She shivered as she fastened her cape around her.

"You have had a curious effect upon me tonight, Guy," she whispered. "I believe, yes, I am sure, that I am nervous."

He kissed her upon both cheeks and there was a kindlier look in his eyes than she had seen before for some time. It seemed to her that he was once more a human being.

"Now," she said as she drew away, "I feel better able to face the world again."

ELIDA ran almost lightheartedly down the narrow flight of stairs, pushed open the door and stepped into the cobbled yard. Then she faced the passage and permitted herself a little grimace. It was an ugly spot, with pools of darkness toward the farther end which the lights in the Mews failed to penetrate. There was a certain hesitation about her movements now. She was not at all sure that her knees were not trembling. Perfectly absurd, she told herself. The noise of the busy traffic was all around her. It was only these few yards that seemed unlit and desolate.

Even with the thought of the taxicab at the other end, her nervousness remained. Almost she yielded to the impulse of retracing her steps. Then she remembered that stern expression on Cheshire's face that once or twice that evening she had found so frightening. He would lose all confidence in her. It was ridiculous to give in. It was so unreasonable a fit of cowardice. She took her first step forward. After that it was easier. Halfway down she stopped. She would have called out if she had dared. She made a second effort and conquered. She staggered on, reached the door, opened it and stepped into the Mews. With a great breath of relief she realized that the taxi was there waiting. The driver descended from his seat and held open the door. She was safe, after all! How absurd it had been to fear anything. She put her foot on the step.

"I have not kept you waiting too long?" she asked, smiling.

She glanced at the man's face as she spoke and the fear came back. It was not the same driver.

"Where is the man who drove me here?" she inquired quickly.

He had moved, as though to cover her possible retreat. He was not an agreeable looking person and he was also a complete stranger.

"I am his mate," he announced. "He was called away. The lady will please step in."

Elida hesitated.

"But why should he be called away?" she demanded. "I engaged him for the evening from Hill's Garage. You are not one of Hill's men."

"Just as good, young lady. Now please—"

She felt herself being gently impelled into the cab. She turned toward him

"Well, if that ain't the limit!" WILLIAM STEIG

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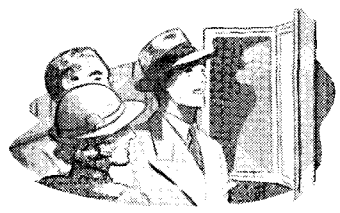
"You've Been Holding Out on Me!"



SHE: There really *are* hats that can make you look like that—and you never bought one!

HE: But honey—this is a Stetson. And I'm only the Third Assistant to the Seventh V.-P.

SHE: Well, you look like the Boss now. What's more, the salesman says this hat costs only a trifle more than you've been paying—and you know Stetson's reputation for style-holding quality.

It's the newest Fall style in smart "Bighorn Gray" . . . one of Stetson's superb new range of "Rod-and-Gun" colors. Now being shown in the world's leading stores. $5, $7.50, $10 and up to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons made in Canada, from $5.50.

Step Out with a STETSON!

indignantly. At that moment the door on the other side opened. A rough pair of hands were extended toward her. Before she knew what was happening she was seated at the back by the side of a muffled-up stranger. The driver was already in his place. They started off. Curiously enough, her nervousness had decreased.

"What do you want?" she asked the man. "How dare you come in here?"

Something harder than the man's knuckles seemed screwed into her side. It was underneath her cape that she felt the pressure all the time. Nevertheless, she kept her presence of mind.

"Is that a revolver?"

"I do not want to use it," the man answered. "You have got to come with me to a gentleman who is going to ask you a few questions."

"I am going to do nothing of the sort."

"I think so. It is not you he wants, though."

"What is it then?"

He inclined his head toward her bag.

"Your bag," he said. "Would you like to give it to me?"

"There is nothing there of any value," she assured him. "My rings are worth a hundred times more."

"We may have your rings as well!"

They passed a huge electric light standard. She caught a glimpse of his face and shivered. He was dark with a sallow complexion, over-red lips and he smelled of cheap perfume. His eyes were appraising her viciously.

The taxi came to a standstill by the curbstone in front of a dark, gloomy-looking building. Elida looked out eagerly. The door was thrown open with a flourish. A tall commissionaire in uniform stood there saluting. She sprang out of the taxi.

"Send for a policeman," she demanded breathlessly. "I have been brought here against my will. These men want to rob me."

Not a muscle moved on the face of the commissionaire. He stood on one side and motioned to her companion. They moved swiftly down a little passage.

"Did you hear what I said?" she called out over her shoulder.

The commissionaire turned his back. The man who had been seated by her side in the taxicab laid his hand over her mouth and gripped her by the chin.

"Contessa," he protested, "why be foolish? Should I bring anyone so beautiful to a place where harm is likely to happen to her?"

ELIDA bit savagely at his hand but it was too tightly stretched over her lips. The driver, who had passed them, had rung a bell. Almost immediately, a door, skillfully camouflaged to appear like a part of the wall, swung open. She was in what seemed to be the lounge entrance to a club or small restaurant. Beyond, was the vista of a bar, behind which stood a barman in a white linen coat.

"What is this place?" she asked.

"A place where you can have a very good time if you behave yourself and you can have the worst time in the world if you misbehave."

Elida threw herself into an easy chair. Her companion handed his coat and hat to a boy who had hurried out of a cloakroom.

"Come here, boy!" Elida cried.

He took no notice.

"Do you not hear what I say?"

The boy was already retreating. She called again but his head was kept obstinately turned away.

"Very sad case," her captor confided, smiling. "Born deaf and dumb. That is one curious thing about this club," he went on. "From the commissionaire to the maître d'hôtel every one of the servants is stone deaf and also dumb."

"I think it is a horrible place," she declared. "Why have you brought me here?"

"If you will mount those stairs with me," he suggested, "you will know. You are here to meet the president. He is the gentleman I told you about who wishes to know precisely what you have in that little bag."

"I should prefer even the president of a club like this to you," she told him. "Please lead the way. I will follow you."

He swung round stiffly and obeyed.

At the topmost step he knocked at a heavy mahogany door and beckoned her to precede him. A man, seated before a desk, looked up at their entrance.

"This," her companion announced, "is the young lady whom I was instructed to meet in the Jermyn Street Mews and conduct here."

The other nodded. He bowed slightly to Elida, then pointed to the door.

"You can go," he ordered the man. "Contessa, I should be glad of a few minutes' conversation with you."

He tapped the chair by his side. She looked at him in amazement.

"What is your name?" she demanded.

"Horace Florestan," he replied. "It may not be known to you but it will be known soon to all the world."

THERE was a moment of speechlessness. It was a room that seemed to have been built for silence. In it there were no signs of any windows save something that might have been a skylight at the top. All sounds that might have penetrated from the neighboring streets were muffled. The music from the club below was inaudible. Elida fought against the feeling that she was afraid. The man seated by her side, with his measured tone, his hard, bony face, his somewhat protuberant eyes and incomprehensible smile, was in a sense terrifying. She hated, too, the firm rigidity of his features, which it seemed no shock on earth could disturb.

"I owe you apologies, Contessa," Florestan said, "for this crude method of obtaining speech with you."

"What do you want with me? Who are you?"

"I am an ardent sympathizer with your country," he answered evasively.

"If that be true, what are you doing here in London?"

"I am engaged in the same fashion as you are engaged," he replied. "I am a professor of espionage."

"What good do you expect to do by dragging me here," she repeated. "Is it not always understood that people who are engaged in that sort of work should remain outwardly strangers to one another? If we are found here alone and one of us is suspected, the other one, too, is brought to trouble."

"If we were discovered that would be true," he admitted, "but why should we be discovered? I have three homes in London and two secret exits by means of which I can leave the country at any moment. I am living here carrying on vast operations and I am unsuspected. You have valuable friends in the British navy with whom you have—dealings. Are you suspected? I think not. Am I? Well, I may have to protect myself sometimes but I still continue my work."

"What do you want with me?" she protested. "I do not know what work you are doing. I do not ask. Why interfere with me? It is not your affair. The agents of our government with whom I have correspondence and dealings will bitterly resent it. They have probably never heard of you."

"That is going too far," he objected, shaking his head solemnly. "Everyone

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has heard of Horace Florestan. The only thing is that just as I have all these abodes in England—also in France—so I have just as many personalities, just as many occupations. The real Florestan very few people know of."

"If they catch only one of you," Elida retorted, "it seems to me the others might be in trouble."

His smile was benevolent, almost saintlike.

"Must you assume," he asked gently, "that I am a bungler at my profession? Florestan, the merchant prince, is a very different man from the Florestan who perhaps might be accounted a gangster working in higher circles. The personality of one might be destroyed, but the other would remain. No indeed, I am not a bungler. My doubles and I, all working toward one end, are amazingly elusive."

"You are, no doubt," Elida scoffed, "a remarkable man. I hope that you are, as you say, a good son of my country. I am a Pelucchi, however, and there is no one of my country who should dare to treat me as you have. I wish to leave this place and be left alone to carry on the work I am doing."

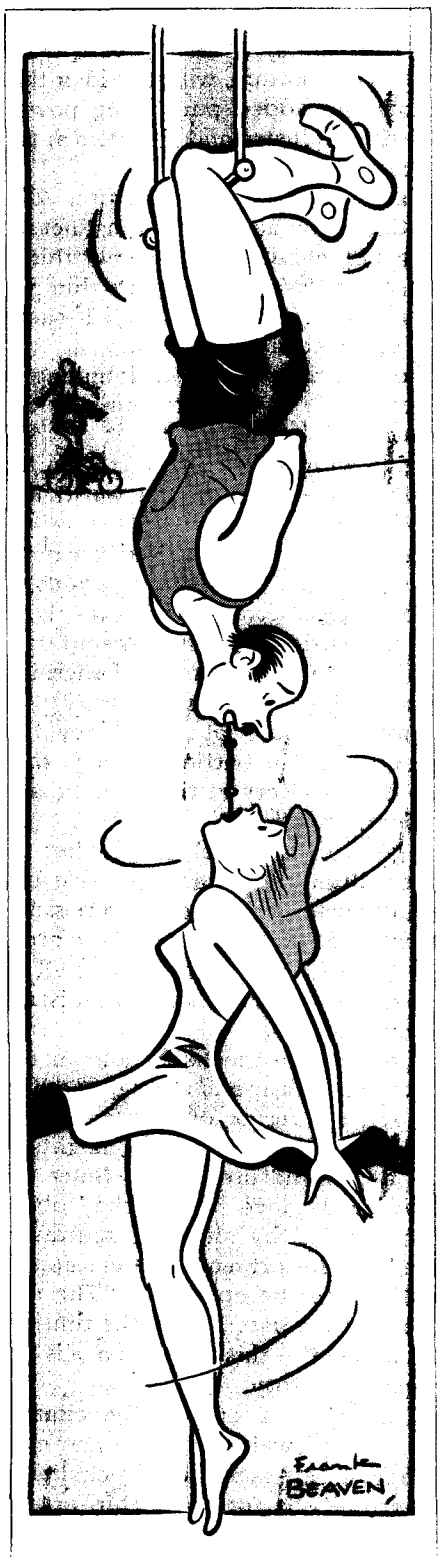
"It is better, Contessa," he assured her, "that we work as allies and not as enemies. I may come from the class of our country people from which the dictator himself comes, and you may be, as I know you are, the daughter of a very proud line, but far above both of us comes our native land."

"I am willing," she said a little wearily, "to take you for granted. I propose that you continue your work, whatever it may be, and I continue mine in my own fashion."

"There is no reason whatever," he replied, "why we should not do so, only, Contessa, a curious fact has been disclosed to me. A week or so ago your sister was meeting secretly a naval officer attached to that very dangerous organization known as the XYZ Secret Service of the British navy. That naval officer has recently committed suicide. Well, we expected the work upon which he was engaged to be carried on by another officer, his name—let me see—his name is Ronald Hincks. That officer seems to be living in complete retirement, one might almost say under arrest."

"Well?"

"So," he went on, "neither you nor your sister meets these two any longer. You meet, instead, another man."



"You're putting on a little weight, aren't you?"

FRANK BEAVEN

MORE than ever Elida realized the sinister nature of this profound silence by which she was encompassed, the suppressed fire in those unprepossessing eyes of his, now fixed upon hers.

"Another man altogether," he continued. "It would be kind of you, Contessa, if you relieved some slight anxiety that I, on behalf of my country, feel in this matter. Tell me what arts you used to seduce a man who stands so high in the councils of England as Admiral Guy Cheshire."

"How do you know that I meet him?" she demanded.

"You met him tonight secretly at Machinka's Restaurant in Jermyn Street," Florestan replied. "You have papers in your bag there, soon, I suppose, to be forwarded to one of our friends in the embassy. You must forgive me if I feel curiosity as to the nature of those documents—I and some others who work with me also in the cause of our country."

"I do not see that it is your affair," Elida protested, fighting against that sickening fear that was slowly paralyzing her thoughts and words. "You work in your way. I work in mine. Our methods are different. Only the end is the same. It is not your business to interfere in what I do, even if you are the important person you say you are."

Florestan's long fingers played for a moment upon the desk, tapping the pad of blotting paper slowly and thoughtfully. She watched them fascinated. They seemed to have something of the same tendency toward tightly drawn skin and lack of flesh as his face. He suddenly pushed back his hair—neatly brushed and neatly arranged. It was unexpectedly thin, however, and it disclosed his shiny scalp. There was something inhuman about his baldness. His eyes were now fixed mercilessly upon her.

"Anything that concerns our country," he said calmly, "is my business. If you doubt what I have told you, you will not doubt my credentials."

He slipped a watch, a thin, large gold watch, from his waistcoat pocket, opened it with a spring and showed her an inscription inside the gold case: "Horace Florestan is one of my trusted band of patriots. He is to receive obedience from all the Sons and Daughters of our Country. B. M."

(To be continued next week)

"What do you see, Madame Zaza?" *says I*

I can remember the time when Madame Zaza, the soothsayer, really had me scared.

But not since I took that course on how to be friendly and convince people!

Here's how I did it.

She pulls up in that big black limousine of hers. I pick a quart of Golden Shell Oil out of the rack and just stand there—starin' at it.

"Madame," says I, "what do you see?"

"Humph," says she, "oil."

"Oil to you," I says, "but to me—the future."

"Oops," says she, "what's this?"

"I see the future of your beautiful car," I go on, still staring. "In this quart of oil I see the answer to stop-an'-go driving—I see a powerful motor happily hummin' along—good for years yet."

"Hm," she hm's, "do go on, young man."

"I see you tooling along," I whispers, "over hill an' dale on—on—on—no starting wear, no burned-out bearings, no sludge and carbon.

"An' that ain't the half of it," I says, pouring the quart in the crankcase. "Cross my palm with only 25¢—the biggest two-bits worth of future on the market!"

"Young man," says she, "I think I can use a smart young fellow like you in my business."

Can't you see *me* in a turban!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

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COLLIER'S

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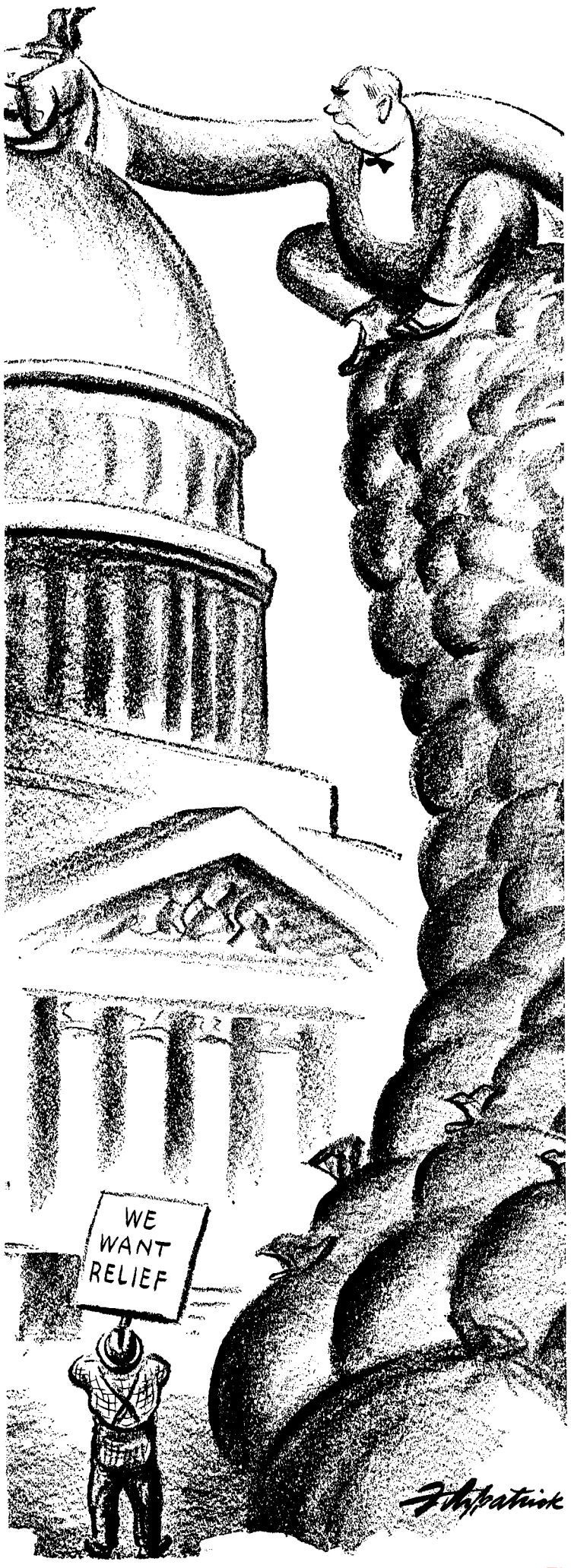
Gimme Government



BACK in the days when some form of national relief had become inevitable, though we were still shying away from the unhappy word "dole," an outspoken writing man of my acquaintance broke out with the following: "There is no reason to be afraid of the dole. The dole has been a thoroughly respectable institution in America for many years. Mr. Vincent Astor has been on the dole all his life."

Just another piece of socialistic wisecracking! But it refused to be brushed aside, and presently I found myself in the somewhat disturbing attitude of partial agreement. The foundation of the Astor fortune was laid by a highly acquisitive gentleman who bought land in places where people someday would have to have it, and then sat tight and waited. As population spread out and around, as children were born and reared, as streets were laid and water mains extended, the land became more and more valuable. The old man made no improvements, he accepted no offers. When the right time came he built houses on the land and rented them. But neither he nor his descendants ever sold. The people paid them—not for any service, but for their alert and stubborn habit of getting in the way. The millions were labeled by the economists "unearned increment." This was a recognized and certified element in political economy. It had social standing. The receiver of unearned increment lost no caste by that process; on the contrary, he or she might be lifted into the highest ranks. "Unearned increment" was polite and proper; "dole" was a disgrace. But when my writing friend had the bad manners to inject the blunt Anglo-Saxon word into the Astor picture he doubtless startled many minds besides my own.

Once the mind accepts this shocking premise much of our national history begins to take on a different aspect. We discover that the dole has always been with us. It has played its part in the whole development of our American civilization, a very important and necessary part. The first big dole, of course, was the land taken from the Indians. Our sainted ancestors did not purchase it in most instances: they simply reached out and helped themselves.

When the wars were over, and the infant republic began to function, the dole promptly made its appearance in a new and highly respectable form. It was called, this time, a tariff, and the very valid argument in its favor was that it would encourage the building of industries to provide employment for our people and make us strong and independent in the event of war. The extensive importation of manufactured articles from Great Britain had fostered luxurious living and drained the new republic of its currency. Merchants, mechanics and tradesmen began immediately to petition for protection and among the very first acts of the first Congress was the tariff act of 1789.

The benefits of the tariff were to come to the community *through* the merchants. The tariff dole, falling like the gentle rain from heaven, would seep through the upper strata of society to the lower.

We think of the first sessions of Congress as having existed wholly in the stratosphere of statesmanship. It is a fact that many great questions were debated, and on a high plane. But one who reads the whole proceedings is impressed by the number of petitions for protection that came up from the business interests, big and small.

Came then the period of the opening of the West and the building of railroads. The tariff dole would not function here, but Uncle Sam had other resources. Men who dared to dream of steel rails spanning the continent, binding its oceans together, found encouragement to realize their dreams in the grant of public lands. And the steel mills, which supplied the rails, the car makers and locomotive builders, and a thousand other industries, shared indirectly in this golden dole. The automobile arrived and, though it claims proudly that it has enjoyed no tariff and asked no government aid, it has in fact shared a subsidy of billions spent in the creation of new roads.

So public help via tariffs, patents, free lands, good roads, the promotion of foreign trade, huge expenditures for war, and many other forms, has been a constant factor in our national growth. Mr. Harry Hopkins was right in saying that the habit of taking from the public purse is "as American as corn on the cob." He is partly right, also, when he says that part of the protest against present government expenditures is because they are going to the wrong people. To give the money at the top and let it find its way down has been the national habit. But spreading it around at the bottom, with the idea that some of it, through added purchasing power, will find its way to industry and investors at the top—this is revolutionary.

But there is another side to the picture. The Founding Fathers may have had an instinct for economic advantage, but they were not thinking in purely selfish terms. They were thinking of religious and political freedom, of self-sacrifice in behalf of generations unborn.

They were not interested in founding a gimme government. They were thinking not in terms of what they could get but of what they could give to make life in these United States something nobler than the world had ever yet produced.

Their descendants who marched away to fight our wars were not thinking of profits or markets. They were stirred by high ideals on both sides of the battle front, and gave up their lives under the urge of supreme self-sacrifice. The pleas under which men enrolled in 1914-18 were not promises of material gain. They, like their forebears, went to battle for what they conceived to be the safety of the republic and the ideal of democracy.

We are a great commercial people, but we are a great spiritual people as well. No historian with an unbiased judgment can possibly explain the progress of America from the profit angle alone. We have had faith as well as greed, and love of our country for what it is, not merely for what it gives.

At some periods the idealistic note in our national character is clear and strong, at others it is muted. In the fervor of sacrifice called forth by the World War we rose to heights of achievement beyond all precedent. Since the Armistice our ideals have been kicked about by booms and panics, by alternate spasms of greed and fear. The present political appeal is almost entirely to the appetite. "The rich have had theirs in the past; now is the time for *you* to get in and get"—this in substance is the current campaign oratory.

But the ideals, though temporarily eclipsed, are not dead. They await the call to new consecration and fresh self-sacrifice. The challenge and the opportunity is for leadership on the part of those who have received most and therefore have most to give. Patriotism, like the doles of old, should start at the top and work down.

BRUCE BARTON

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TOURIST: *"Boy, oh boy! What a shot! This calls for Doubling My Enjoyment with a Ten High or two. Guess I know a good shot when I see one!"*

BEAR: *"Ungh!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then buy TEN HIGH at your favorite liquor store or bar today. Countless thousands of smart buyers know that TEN HIGH has no rough edges to mar your complete enjoyment of its doubly smooth, doubly rich bourbon taste. Nothing is left to chance in the world's largest, modern distillery. Doubly careful control assures you that TEN HIGH always pleases your discriminating palate.

Double your enjoyment with

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

CALL FOR TEN HIGH

Hiram Walker's

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90 PROOF Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois; Distilleries at Peoria, Walkerville, Ontario, Glasgow, Scotland

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Crashing a plane through a house!

Pilot Frank Frakes' most spectacular feat—the stunt that thrills Hollywood and millions of movie-goers—

"SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, you crash into a house..." That is actually what aerial warfare movie scripts demand of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. But up he goes, his plane's wings soaked in gasoline. High in the sky, he touches off electrical sparks, swoops down ablaze in a roaring power-dive. Leveling off (Picture 1), he heads straight for the spectacular crack-up that thrills even hardened movie directors. Will Frakes come through that house alive? He's performed such stunts more than fifty times. **CRASH!** (Picture 2) As he hits with terrific impact, a charge of dynamite is exploded inside the house (Picture 3) to heighten the effect. Wings ripped off (Picture 4), the flaming plane shoots out—hopelessly **WRECKED!** Frakes? Below you see him safe, smiling, ready to enjoy his favorite smoke—a Camel! "Stunt-flying is exhausting work," says Pilot Frakes. "When I need a 'lift' in energy I get it with a Camel."

"NATURALLY I'M PARTICULAR ABOUT THE CIGARETTE I SMOKE," SAYS STUNT PILOT FRANK FRAKES—
"CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST!"
I NOTICE THAT YOU ALWAYS SMOKE CAMELS, FRANK. DO YOU FIND CAMELS SO DIFFERENT?
YES—IN MILDNESS, IN TASTE, IN LOTS OF WAYS. BESIDES, STUNT-FLYING DEMANDS HEALTHY NERVES. CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST—I CAN SMOKE AS MANY AS I WANT. CAMELS AGREE WITH ME IN MANY WAYS—AND OTHER PILOTS SAY THE SAME!

Above, right, Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes tells Gordon Weaver more about why he prefers Camels. It's a preference with a *reason:* Camel's *costlier* tobaccos! And that's the very same reason why so many millions of smokers have turned to Camels. Do *you* want more smoking pleasure—more downright cigarette enjoyment? Make your next smoke the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—Camel!

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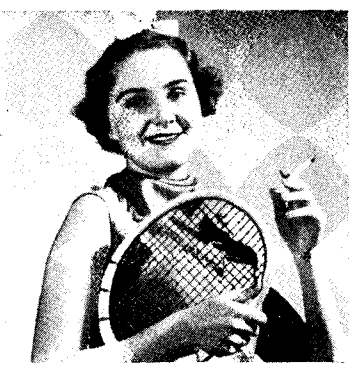
PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS
THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic



"I'M NOT A CHAMPION," says Miss Henrietta Donohue, "but I'm just as interested in winning at *my* sports—golf, tennis, and swimming. I know the importance of healthy nerves, so Camel's my cigarette. Camels never get me 'edgy.' And Camels *give my energy a 'lift' too.* They set me right!"

Ask the men who grow and grade tobacco who buys their choicest lots!

"Growing tobacco 26 years," says planter Ben Faulkner, "I've learned that one company stands out in buying finer tobaccos—CAMEL. Camel pays more to get my choicest grades. I've been a steady Camel smoker for years. Most planters prefer Camels."

Robert Lee Oakley, one of the growers behind North Carolina's reputation for fine tobaccos, says: "Camel buys up the choice tobacco, including that of my last crop. This has happened many times. I smoke Camels. So do most planters around here."

Marvin Harris is another planter who tells which cigarette buys the finest tobacco. "Camel," he says, "bought my best tobacco last crop—and for many a year. There's a real difference between tobaccos. That's why the favorite cigarette of most growers is Camel."

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